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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
Blighted Hope.

BY QUO.

Why heaves the heart with anguish?
Why drops the silent tear?
Why should soul and body languish?
Why stretch the early bier?

The heart that loved so fondly,
So purely loved,
Has seen the earth close sadly,
As dust to dust was moved.

The hectic flush was on her brow,
Her vigils sleep was slow—
The care of Earth forgotten now,
The storm inhaled below.

Touch her gently, move her lightly—
How calm she sleeps at even—
Beneath her softly, think how brightly
At morn she wakes in Heaven.
Lansing, Mich.

Our Historical Gallery.
Sketches of the Presidents.

THIRD—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

NARROW minds judge of men by the party badge they put on; enlarged and liberal ones by the temper they manifest, and the actions they perform. Enough that a man belongs, or has belonged, to one or the other of the great national political parties; he is a *bad man* in the eyes of all small men in the opposite ranks. To discriminate is the task of the *historian*—the duty of all.

It is no mean tribute to the worth of Jefferson that he was called so soon to succeed Washington in the administration of the new government of the United States; that he was deemed a worthy competitor with JOHN ADAMS for that high honor. In those days no *mean* man could have entered the lists with the slightest prospect of success.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born at Shadwell, Albemarle county, Virginia, on the 2d of April, 1743. He took his degree at William and Mary's College, and studied law with George Wythe, afterwards chancellor of the State of Virginia. The stern spirit of resistance to tyranny which manifested itself in all he said and did, during the progress of the Revolution, exhibited itself very early in life. One of his seals, while in college, bore the following motto: "*Libertas a quo spiritus*;" another, "*Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God*." He strongly sympathized with the spirit of freedom in the colonies, and, in 1769, signed a resolution not to import any articles from the mother country. In 1772, he married, but lived in the connubial state only ten years, when death took from him his truly amiable and intelligent wife, leaving to his care two infant daughters. While a member of the House of Delegates, in 1773, he advised and arranged the first plan of regular resistance to British aggression, by the formation of committees of correspondence in the different colonies. He took his seat in the General Colonial Congress on the 21st of June, 1775, and became one of its most prominent members. In the following year, he was appointed chairman of that immortal committee chosen to draw up a *Declaration of Independence*. This instrument was the work of his pen, and was adopted on the 4th of July, 1776.

A discussion has arisen with respect to the authorship of several striking phrases of this document, alleged to have been anticipated by the Mecklenburg North Carolina Resolutions of May 20, 1775. In the last mentioned paper the following language occurs: "That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby *dissolve the political bands* which have connected us with the mother country, and hereby absolve our-

selves from all allegiance to the British crown, and abjure all political connexion, contract, or association with that nation. *** That we do hereby declare ourselves a *free and independent* people: are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self governing association, under the control of no person, other than that of our God, and the general government of Congress; to the maintenance of which independence, we solemnly *pledge to each other*, our mutual co-operation, our *lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor*." The lines which we have marked in italics suggest plagiarism from one quarter or the other. The comparison between the two was brought up in a letter from John Adams to Mr. Jefferson, dated June, 1819. Jefferson, in reply, at the age of seventy-six, when he may have forgotten the contemporary report of the affair, doubted the authenticity of the paper. The fact of the declaration at Mecklenburg and the words of the Resolutions were maintained afterward by a report of the legislature of North Carolina, which investigated the evidence. Professor Tucker, in his *Life of Jefferson*, published in 1837, admits the agreement and the plagiarism lying between the two, and does not question the fact that a declaration was made at Mecklenburg, but argues that the Jeffersonian phrases were interpolated subsequently from the Declaration of Congress.

But whatever coincidences of expression may be noticed by the curious students of such matters, in the language of Webster on the solemn occasion of the funeral eulogy of Adams and Jefferson,—"as a composition, the Declaration is Mr. Jefferson's. It is the production of his mind, and the high honor of it belongs to him, clearly and absolutely. To say that he performed his work well would be doing him injustice. To say that he did excellently well, admirably well, would be inadequate and halting praise. Let us rather say, that he so discharged the duty assigned him, that all Americans may well rejoice that the work of drawing the title-deed of their liberties devolved upon him."

He was chosen commissioner to the court of France with Franklin and Deane, but declined the honor. He also resigned his seat in Congress, and was immediately chosen to the first legislature under the new constitution of Virginia. Here he turned all the powers of his great mind to the revision of the code of laws then existing, and so effectively did he labor, that there is scarcely a section of the present code that is not the result of his action expressed in his own words. This was the great action of his life, and justly entitles him to the respect and admiration of the world.

In 1779, he was elected governor of Virginia, and in 1783, member of Congress from his native state. While a member of this body, Washington resigned his command of the army and retired to private life. Jefferson was the author of the elegant address to the Father of his Country voted on that occasion.

In 1784, Jefferson went as minister to France, where for five years his talents for diplomacy were often tasked to the

utmost, and were always found equal to the trial; and in 1789, he returned to the United States, where he was received with many marks of public favor. Washington immediately called him into his councils, and he received the appointment of Secretary of State. His great statesmanship eminently qualified him for this important post. He immediately set himself to lay down maxims and rules of foreign intercourse which have governed all our subsequent administrations. In 1796, he was called to the chair of the American Philosophical Society, and was the third president of that institution; his predecessors being the illustrious Franklin and Rittenhouse, one of the most celebrated men of his times.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

In March, 1801, Mr. Jefferson was inaugurated as third President of the United States, with Aaron Burr as vice president; and again, in 1805, with George Clinton as vice president. That the administration of Mr. Jefferson was an able one, all admit; and we have no desire to enter into a consideration—even had we room—of the acrimonious party spirit of those times which could see nothing good in an opponent, nothing wrong in a friendly partisan.

Of Mr. Jefferson's private life, it is enough to say that he was beloved and respected by all who knew him; and his death, which occurred on the ever-glorious anniversary of the declaration of independence in 1826, filled his country with mourning.

Among Mr. Jefferson's papers was found, after his death, the following epitaph:—

HERE LIES BURIED
THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and father of the University of Virginia.

As a more intimate insight into Mr. Jefferson's private character, as well as an interesting sketch, we make an extract from the eulogium of Adams and Jefferson by William Wirt, describing

JEFFERSON AT MONTICELLO.

The Mansion House at Monticello was built and furnished in the days of his prosperity. In its dimensions, its architecture, its arrangements and ornaments, it is such a one as became the character and fortune of the man. It stands upon an elliptic plain, formed by

cutting down the apex of a mountain; and, on the west, stretching away to the north and the south, it commands a view of the Blue Ridge for a hundred and fifty miles, and brings under the eye one of the boldest and most beautiful horizons in the world: while, on the east, it presents an extent of prospect bounded only by the spherical form of the earth, in which nature seems to sleep in eternal repose, as to form one of her finest contrasts with the rude and rolling grandeur on the west. In the wide prospect, and scattered to the north and south, are several detached mountains, which contribute to animate and diversify this enchanting landscape; and among them, to the south, Willis's Mountain, which is so interestingly depicted in his

Notes. From this summit, the Philosopher was wont to enjoy that spectacle, among the sublimest of Nature's operations, the booming of the distant mountains; and to watch the motions of the planets, and the greater revolution of the celestial sphere. From this summit, too, the patriot could look down, with uninterrupted vision, upon the wide expanse of the world around, for which he considered himself born; and upward, to the open and vaulted heavens which he seemed to approach as if to keep him continually in mind of his high responsibility. It is indeed a prospect in which you see and feel, at once, that nothing mean or little could live. It is a scene fit to nourish those great and high-souled principles which formed the elements of his character, and was a most noble and appropriate post for such a sentinel over the rights and liberties of man.

Approaching the house on the east, the visitor instinctively paused, to cast around one thrilling glance at this magnificent panorama; and then passed to the vestibule, where, if he had not been previously informed, he would immediately perceive that he was entering the house of no common man. In the spacious and lofty hall which opens before him, he marks no tawdry and unmeaning ornaments; but before, on the right, on the left, all around, the eye is struck and gratified with objects of science and taste, so classed and arranged as to produce their finest effect. On one side, specimens of sculpture set out in such order as to exhibit a *coup d'oeil*, the historical progress of that art; from the first rude attempts of the aborigines of our country, up to that exquisite and finished bust of the great patriot himself, from the master hand of Canova. On the other side, the visitor sees displayed a vast collection of specimens of Indian art, their paintings, weapons, ornaments, and manufactures; on another, an array of the fossil productions of our country, mineral and animal; the polished remains of those colossal monsters that once trod our forests, and are no more; and a variegated display of the branching honors of those "monarchs of the waste," that still people the wilds of the American Continent.

From this hall he was ushered into a noble saloon, from which the glorious landscape of the west again bursts upon his views; and which within is hung thick around with the finest productions of the pencil—historical paintings of the most striking subjects from all countries, and all ages; the portraits of dis-

tinguished men and patriots, both of Europe and America, and medallions and engravings in endless profusion.

While the visitor was yet lost in the contemplation of these treasures of the arts and sciences, he was startled by the approach of a strong and sprightly step, and turning with instinctive reverence to the door of entrance, he was met by the tall, and animated, and stately figure of the patriot himself—his countenance beaming with intelligence and benignity, and his outstretched hand, with its strong and cordial pressure, confirming the courteous welcome of his lips. And then came that charm of manner and conversation that passes all description—so cheerful—so unassuming—so free, and easy, and frank, and kind, and gay—that even the young, and overawed, and embarrassed visitor at once forgot his fears, and felt himself by the side of an old and familiar friend.

Early to Bed and Early to Rise.

He who rises at five instead of seven, daily, adds perhaps ten years of the brightest hours to his life of active thought and exertion. Life will be prolonged, health and happiness will be preserved. All other animals but man sleep through the dark hours and wake with the light. The time of all the occupations of the day will be moved forward or backward by the time of rising. The early man takes time by the forelock, and is always beforehand with his competitors and enemies, anticipates their designs, and has all his affairs arranged so they cannot be disturbed or molested. Not the breakfast alone, but all the meals, and the hour of retiring, will be governed by this habit. Such a man will drop to sleep in his chair at nine o'clock. So much the better. Consider the effect on the young man. It is at the late hours that bad company becomes most dangerous. Byron abuses the moon as the light beneath which a thousand times more wickedness is done than the sun; and he who at twenty is never out of bed after ten, will find it has saved him a fortune, and earned for him a character before he is forty, of which he may well be proud. Many a young man in college has been saved from dissipated habits by the ringing of the college bell for morning prayers at five o'clock. After getting up thus early and working hard at study all day, he was glad to get to bed between nine and ten, fairly worn out with honest, useful, hopeful toil, instead of making a night of it in idle dissipation.

In married life this habit of being early to bed is worth years of life and happiness. The children are never wakeful till they have got through their first sleep. But after that, if a man has got all his repose to get, it will be so often broken as soon to break him down. He will become nervous simply for want of sleep—sleep that he could have got from nine till midnight, unbroken, but which he cannot secure after. Croups and colds and coughs of children then become nails in their parents' collars. Intellectually, a man can do twice the work while his mind is calm and clear, as it is early in the day, and as it is not and cannot be later. It was before ten o'clock, generally, that Sir Walter Scott wrote his sixteen pages per day of those novels which are the delight of the civilized world; and it has been before nine o'clock that in our own city Dr. Barnes has written those commentaries on the Scriptures of which four hundred thousand volumes have been sold in this country, and as many more in Europe. The very self-denial and self-command indicated and encouraged by this habit is its least value. He who learns to govern himself in one matter will in others.

No less than forty-one fires were caused in the city of London last year, by throwing down unextinguished cigars. We have no doubt but a great number of conflagrations occur annually in New York from similar causes.

Stories from the Bible.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
THE DELUGE.
BY PAUL RIVINWOOD.

In reading the world's history from its creation down to the period when God saw fit to visit upon it his awful displeasure, by causing the whole earth to be covered by an immense sheet of water, coming from the heavens above and issuing from the earth beneath,—on account of the total depravity of humanity—the mind of every age has been lost in wonder at the sinfulness of his race so early in the fresh beauty of creation's dawn.

Evil, that mysterious genii—that great foe who has ever labored against the interest of mankind, audaciously stepping between God and man—as it were—*did*, and has ever wrought a work directly opposite to the pure love of our heavenly Father's—robbing the soul of those weighty sentiments, and filling it with a poison so contrary to the will of the great Ruler, that he is ever sending some weighty trouble upon the children of earth. How strange that man, placed as he is, here, to live a season to test his character for a heavenly existence—knowing, as he does, virtue from evil—*knowing* he alone has the power to choose for "weal or woe"—is it not passing strange! with these two elements borne within his natural body—stamped as they are, by the great Jehovah's hand upon the soul's tablet—should so early in the world's youth have sought the *wrong* and rejected the *good*. The writers of Profane History do not acknowledge the deluge as a reality—their objections principally turn upon three points: first, "the want of any direct history—secondly, the apparent impossibility of accounting for the quantity of water, and thirdly, their appearing no necessity for a universal deluge." They say it may be considered as a mere figure written by Moses—recorded in the first of his five books, known as the Pentateuch.* They farther doubt its reality, because they cannot see any authenticated truth—they say true a man by that name *did* write unto his tribe that such an occurrence happened—but are we bound to believe one man? Why do not others also testify to the same? They do not treat on inspiration—they discard all pertaining to that point. The war of evil has ever waged over their misguided minds, and made them co-workers with him against the true interest of God and man!

Yet we are informed by Sacred Writ, that the whole earth had become corrupt, and man had walked far from the true path, and found pleasure only in the gratification of his appetite. The world had become largely populated, and was alive to luxury and sin—a thousand years and more had rolled away, and the story of the fall of their first parents became a mere historical fact of the past. They heeded not the continual warnings of their heavenly Father, but groped onward enjoying the glittering allurements which dazzled their earthly career—lost to all that was perfect and God-like, they merely deemed earth the centre which made life worth living for, and they sought naught else! They saw nothing in the christian character of Noah worth copying—his virtues faded from their views. They considered him an object of pity, a fool among wise men (?)

At last the Lord "repented he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart."

And God said unto Noah, the end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and behold, I will destroy them with the earth. Make thee an ark of gopher-wood: rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. And this is the fashion which thou shalt make it of: The length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits. A window shalt thou make in the ark, and in a cubit shalt thou finish it above; and the door of the ark thou shalt set in the side thereof: with lower, second, and third stories shalt thou make it. And behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven: and everything that is in the earth, shall die. But with thee will I establish my covenant: and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives with thee. And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee: they shall be male and female. Of fowls after their kind, and of cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the earth after its kind; two of every sort shall come unto thee, to keep them alive. And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather it to thee; and it shall be for food for thee, and for them.

Noah commenced the building of the ark, according to the most reliable authors of sacred history in the year 1666, B. C. He had reached the age of 500, and was strong and healthy.

It is a subject of dispute where the ark was really built, some fixing it upon the plains of Sodom, in Palestine, others upon mount Caucasus on the confines of India,

*See Gen. 7th chapter.

and a third party, on some part of China—yet the most reliable authors place it on mount Ararat, near the Garden of Eden.

The sun rose and set daily in all his brilliant splendor, casting his golden streaks, in soft beauty, over the noble works of nature which were so soon to be blotted from the world for a season. All was fair and prosperous—not a cloud dimmed the horizon—year after year the building of the ark went on slowly but surely! and the great masses of mankind looked upon it as a foolish work done by a weak mind. They heeded not the ring of the hammer, swung by a steady arm, as it drove the timbers together, but they would say, "Fy! fy! why would ye, Noah, be so foolish? we are wiser than thou!" He knew too well their sinful souls, he felt there was a God, and He had said unto him, "Be ye ready ere the evil hour shall come," and the taunting of the crazy mass did not draw him from his daily course. Nearly a hundred years* had passed away since the commencement of the ark, and no change, as yet, had disturbed the symmetry of earth. The multitude reveled amid their pleasures, and laughed loud at the foolery of Noah. But soon this huge ark reared its mighty form heavenward, nearly completed, its size and build as God had designed. *His* was the *master-hand* which modeled and constructed it, and great to the eyes of Noah and his family, did this leviathan of wood appear! The animals were being gathered together slowly, and assembled around the ark. Noah walked amidst them without fear of danger. What a grand sight it must have been to have seen that venerable man, God-fearing as he was, carrying out the directions of his Master, heedless of the noisy world around him, yet ever praying for the *purity* of his race. The hundred years came, and the ark was completed—not another stroke of the hammer was needed to improve it—all was strictly done as God had ordained.

It was the first morn of that new year, all was calm and still, slowly the animals wound their way into the ark, and the family of Noah worked diligently and orderly. At last the fatal day arrived.

How perfect was that morn in everything in nature? So beautiful that the masses, on hearing that Noah was actually going to enter the ark that day, said, "Thou fool! is not all as it has been, can the earth be changed?"

As the hours crept on, Noah gathered his family, and after kneeling in worship to God, and singing a song of praise, they quietly entered the ark. There was no disturbance, the world was too busy with its own vanities to stop to think of him! But ah! why that sudden change in the elements of nature? Why that horror-stricken and appalling look upon the countenance of humanity? Great huge clouds, dark and fearful, roll from all quarters of the heavens to join each other, *ponderous* and *mighty* they appear, and an Almighty's vengeance is written on each!

Soon the sun fades from view—and over the air float wails from terror-frightened beings, mothers clinging to their infants—and the sea of humanity, cry, in their agony, "HAVE MERCY ON US!"

The rain falls in torrents, and the vivid lightning courses through the dark rolling clouds, the earth trembles, and in a few brief hours all is a perfect chaos! The shrieks are heard no more, amid the pelting of the storm, from the frail mortals of earth—they have paid dearly for their misgivings! yet the ark rides amid the raging tempest securely.

The period of probation is past—the clouds break as rapidly as they gather, the sun reappears grand and glorious! the waters subside gradually, and the earth teems with health! The dove—that bird of *innocence* and *love*—has flown from the ark on an errand of mercy, swiftly it shoots over the country around, basking in the fresh haunts of nature, like a sweet child amid the flowers of some choice garden, who is lost in delighted amazement, as he wanders amid these jewels of earth.

Soon the inhabitants of the ark leave it, and they too feel a joy in the new scenes so agreeable to their being—the animals roam in every direction, pouring forth their grateful praise to the Giver of life for this blessing. God in all his infinite mercy makes a covenant unto Noah, saying, "I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake, for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth up." And God blessed Noah and his sons, saying, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth. I do set a bow in the cloud, and it shall be a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you, and every living creature."

As He ceased to speak, the heaven was spanned by a bow of blended colors, *soft* and *radiant*. Noah and his sons knelt on the fresh ripening earth and offered heart-felt thanks that God in his mercy had seen fit to cleanse the earth, and yet permit man to live and enjoy all that is so beautiful in nature and in life.

*It is said reckoned by most authors of Sacred History, that the ark was a hundred years in building.

Blessed are those who expect little.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

The New Editor of the Culprit Fay—Border War—Thirty Years Out of the Senate—Spurgeon's Gems—Wayland's Sermons—Precious Stones of the Heavenly Foundations—The New Cheap Waverly Series—The Jealous Wife—High Life in New York—Great Republic Monthly—Blackwood.

The injunction issued by Drake's grandson restraining the publishers of the elegant new edition of *The Culprit Fay* from circulating the work, has been removed. Messrs Rudd & Carleton, New York, now publish it conjointly with the family of the deceased poet. As the press has given wide circulation to the notice of the injunction it is to be hoped that as liberal a notice will be taken of this further arrangement. At all events we are glad that the call of so dainty and exquisite a brochure as is the new edition of this famous fairy piece, is not to be stopped.

Messrs Rudd & Carleton, also issue a new novel by the author of that famous book, *Wild Western Scenes*. Of this latter work, although originally published nearly twenty years ago, there are still sold about five thousand copies annually, making in the aggregate the almost unprecedented number of one hundred thousand impressions of this single work that have been disposed of. The announcement of a new tale in a similar vein has created a lively expectancy among the readers of "Wild Western Scenes," and we look to see *Border of War*, a *Tale of Disunion*, become as speedily and as permanently popular as that work. The time of the action of the drama is dated many years ahead at a period when a supposed dissolution of the Union has taken place. The abolition papers of the north are fierce in their denunciations of this book, and, says the "Pennsylvania," "are sworn to kill it." But their opposition of course simply makes it the more popular. It is a handsome large duodecimo volume.

All the world has heard of Col. Benton's "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," a work full of the most varied and entertaining information in whatever relates to the political history of the time. But Major Jack Downing, certainly one of the best humorists the country has produced, thinks the work has not been done well enough, or wants a supplement, or something of the kind, for here we have his record, and behold the title! *My Thirty Years Out of the Senate*—Being the entire Writings, Humorous, Political and Patriotic of the confidential friend and secret adviser of President Andrew Jackson." There is promise there! The history is written in the genuine spirit of Yankeeism, and clothed in the real vernacular. Without caricaturing the Major is wonderfully amusing, downright droll, and gorgeously grotesque. He is worthy his title of the very best painter of Yankee peculiarities that ever wrote, a character which he has sustained since President Jackson used to have his letters read to him as they appeared in the public prints of his day, and shake his sides merrily over the his at his own peculiarities and public life.

A handsome duodecimo volume of 500 pages, with seventy illustrations, published by Messrs Oaksmith & Co., New York.

Admirers of the young and brilliant London preacher, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, will be glad to possess a delightful book of brilliant from his pen, published by Messrs Sheldon & Co., New York; Farrar & McMillan, Philadelphia. This book, under the title of *Spurgeon's Gems*, presents us with a judiciously arranged selection of choice extracts from the published and unpublished writings of this remarkable divine. In a book especially devoted to these especially elegant extracts it may be inferred that the author's happiest thoughts and most graphic pictures are alone included, as well as those terse, outbursting, spontaneous flashes of eloquence in which consist the true greatness of the preacher's conceptions—his individuality and strength. Many of these extracts are beautifully rounded and exquisitely finished, a few are singularly and powerfully sustained to great length, and all are characteristic, bold, earnest, and suggestive, full of brilliant imagery and striking thought. To those who would understand the secret of the wonderful success of Mr. Spurgeon, and possess an elegant repository of his most effective thoughts, we commend this volume.

The same publishers issue, in a handsome duodecimo volume, *Sermons to the Churches*; by Francis Weyland, D. D., containing eight distinct discourses on, The Apostolic Ministry, The Church a Society for the Conversion of the World, Christian Worship, Constant Piety, The Perils of Riches, Prevalent Prayer, etc. These are no trial sermons. The preacher has passed the ordeal, and is on the roll of great American divines. It is refreshing to meet a good great book of sermons, like those by Caird, or Harris, or Robertson, or Barnes, or Weyland. Reading them one trembles before the majesty of the pulpit, and worships with fresh devotion in the shadow of the cross. The distinguishing peculiarity of Dr. Wey-

land is his logic and his science, and his illustrations from his favorite pursuits as a scholar are very fine and forcible. But his discourses are all full of various learning, and replete with divine thoughts and powerful arguments.

Another of the excellent publications of Messrs Sheldon & Co., is *The Precious Stones of the Heavenly Foundations*; by Augusta Brown Garrett, author of *Hamilton the Young Artist*, etc. 1 Vol., 12 mo. This volume is entirely novel, both in conception and execution. It treats of the beatitudes, the glories and beauties of the Heavenly Home, as figured forth in the Inspired Volume.—The Gems are classed under separate heads, beginning with the Great Corner Stone. Each head embrace (the most characteristic phrase recorded of the Apostle to whom the Gem appertains, taken as a motto) some account of the Gem itself, occasional allusion to the tribe which was represented by the corresponding stone on Aaron's Priestly Breastplate, and an application of the subject. The idea is well wrought out, but independent of the structure of the volume there is a mass of fervent, pious reading in it that will do the soul good.

The new cheap edition of the *Waverly Novels*, now publishing by Messrs T. B. Peterson & Brothers Philadelphia, is a great success. As the weekly numbers appear thousands of individuals, old and young, male and female, carry them to their homes as they do the magazine or family paper. The mail circulation is also very large, some ten thousand per week, we believe. Many persons, removed from the cities, are by this means enabled to receive the entire series with regularity for the small, the incredibly small sum of five dollars. Think of the full collection of that brilliant set of romances furnished complete and sent to any part of the country for five dollars!—Why when the single novel "Waverly" first appeared, it sold for seven dollars and a half, and now it is furnished at twenty-five cents. The novels are all printed with neat type, on fine white paper.

The same publishers issue in the proverbial elegant style in which they publish their duodecimo bound volumes, a new novel, "The Jealous Husband," by Mrs. Annette Marie Mailhard, author of the "Compulsory Marriage," "Zingra, the Gipsy," etc. We can give no higher testimonial to this interesting romance than the following, which we take from that first class critical journal the London Athenaeum: "What Raphael was among ordinary artists, this work is among works of fiction. It is one of the most fervid and impressive narratives that has recently come from the press. With a power possessed by no female writer of our day, unless it be the lamented Grace Aguilar or the singularly gifted Ellen Fekker, its fair author strikes on every page for the hearts and intellects of her readers, and rarely fails to touch the first, or take the latter captive. We can point to but a very limited number of modern works which for beauty, freshness and power, can compare with it."

Another of the Library of Humorous American Works, of the Messrs. Peterson's series, has just been issued, containing "High Life in New York," by Jonathan Slick, Esq. It depicts the adventures of a live Yankee, fresh from the onion beds of Weathersfield, who has long pined for the vicissitudes, the follies and frivolities of fashionable society, and having "embarked," writes over "tu hum" this graphic and imitatively droll account. His adventures are decidedly racy, enough so to make a house-full shake. The volume is embellished with numerous humorous illustrations.

Blackwood's Magazine for April, just issued by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., of New York (T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia,) is an excellent number. The Cruise in Japanese Waters is continued with unflagging interest, giving us a still further insight into the manners, morals, and customs of the people of Japan. That delightful tale of English life, the Luck of Ladysmede, is also continued. The Turks in Kalafat gives some interesting particulars of the Osmanli in 1854. A Dissolving Views of Money and the Franchise, and the New Reform Bill are articles for the political reader and the studious in Political Economy.—Christianity in India will find hosts of appreciative readers; and so will that delightful sketch of a Winter Journey from England to Florence. We also observe that that remarkable new novel, Adam Bede, is ably discussed in a lengthy and appreciative review.—Above all the Magazines do we watch with interest for each number of Old Maga. It is furnished at three dollars per annum, or with any of the Quarterlies for five dollars, or the whole five reprints for ten dollars.

The new number of the Great Republic Monthly, for May, is also a very good one. That rollicking history of Seven Years in Ye Western Land is continued, the narrator encountering certain fierce and formidable looking

animals, of which he gives graphic illustrations, and which he calls "musquitos." The author need not hide his name from the public; we are satisfied that his initials are the original Major Jack Downing. Other interesting and illustrated papers are Bartram's Didge, China, the History of the Republic, My Lady's Last Dance, Sir Thomas More, Mexico, The Tyant Fashion and Alamo, his Wife, etc., with a variety of tales and poetry. Many of the illustrations are very fine.

Death of the Giant Porter.

We have already made reference to the death of this modern giant. The Louisville Democrat gives further interesting particulars of him. That paper says he was the tallest man in the world—have made him known by sight of reputation all over the civilized globe. Mr. Porter was born near Portsmouth, Ohio, and was brought to this city by his parents in the following year, since which, except for a short time when he was on the stage, he has been living in Louisville. He was 7 feet 9 inches in height, and when in perfect health weighed nearly 300 pounds. It is remarkable that for the first 14 years of his life he was small for his age, so much so that he was often engaged to ride races on the old track, where the Elm Tree Garden now is. At 17 he was apprenticed at coopering, and his remarkable growth commenced. It is stated that the most he ever grew in one week was one inch. It was his habit while growing to measure every Saturday night, and his own testimony and that of his family and friends are evidence of this remarkable fact. Porter soon got so tall that it was impossible to cooper barrels, and he was employed on hogheads. This, however, became equally impossible, owing to his remarkable height, and he was compelled to abandon the business. He then engaged in keeping and driving hacks. In the years 1836 and 1837 he went east and appeared on the stage in one or two pieces written especially for him. He returned to Louisville, and a few years later bought the coffee house which he was keeping at the time of his death. Mr. Porter was a large-boned, angular man, and in health appeared to have strength proportioned to his size. In manners he was quiet and unassuming, kind and sociable with every one. He was very highly esteemed by all who knew him for his integrity and high moral character. In his domestic relations—he was never married—he was all a parent could desire. Among his fellow-men he was a high-minded honorable gentleman. Several anecdotes are told of him. One of these we remember. At the time that Charles Dickens came to this country there was a perfect furor to see "Boz." As he passed through the canal at Louisville he sent a messenger to Mr. Porter, of whose remarkable proportions he had heard, intimating a wish to see him. Mr. Porter replied to the messenger "that if Mr. Dickens wished to see me more than I to see him, he will come to me." Mr. Dickens took the hint, and it was during the conversation that Porter told the novelist that while he was growing his mother had to sew a foot on his pantaloons every night. Mr. Porter will be greatly missed by all who knew him, and we record his death with sadness and sympathy for his afflicted relatives.

National Division 8. of T.

The annual session of this body will be held in Philadelphia, on Wednesday, June 1st, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The meetings will be held in the Sanson Street Hall, which is located in Sanson Street, between Sixth and Seventh Streets. Delegates arriving in Philadelphia, on or before Tuesday evening the 31st of May, are requested to repair to the Office of the Grand Scribe, at the north-west corner of Seventh and Sanson streets, entrance on Seventh, at half-past seven o'clock, P. M., where they will be met by the Committee of Arrangements on the part of the G. D. of Pennsylvania and be conducted to the Hall, and be welcomed to the city by that body.

MR. EVERETT'S LECTURES IN NORTH-CAROLINA.—The following extract from a letter of Mr. Everett received here, shows the nett proceeds from the delivery of his Washington Address at the four points in North-Carolina where he delivered it:

"* * * This completes my returns from North Carolina, the nett amount of which is: Wilmington, \$1,091 80; Newbern, \$590 04; Raleigh, \$515 00; Chapel Hill, \$315 60. Altogether \$2,512 44, which I cannot but think very honorable to the 'Old North State' for one week."

We agree with Mr. E. most decidedly.—*Wilmington Journal*.

SAVANNAH, May 8th.—In the case of Selvis and Maree, indicted on the charge of fitting out the bark Angelita for the slave trade, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

FIRE IN RICHMOND.—A fire in Richmond, Va., on the 4th inst., destroyed property valued at 50,000.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, May 19th, 1859.

The War News—Murder Trial—Arrival of Morphy—The May Balls—Democratic Convention—Mr. Sickles.

The late news from Europe is of the most exciting and alarming nature and has a powerful effect upon commercial affairs. Breadstuffs have risen within the last few days with a rapidity only equalled by the depression of the Stock Market. Probably before now hostilities have commenced, and the prospect is that all the great European powers will be involved in the struggle. Italy will be the scene of operations, but the armies that will be brought together are so powerful that the first great battle will in all probability be decisive. Many, however, are of opinion that the warlike demonstrations will end in smoke, and that the next steamer will tell us of the settlement of the difficulties in some amicable way.

Another murder trial is progressing in our Criminal Court, but coming after the Sickles case, it excites but little interest.

The friends of Chess will be glad to learn that Paul Morphy, the Alexander of that noble game, has just landed in New York, after his gloriously triumphant tour through Europe. New honors and new victories doubtless await him in his native land.

The May Balls are just over, and the little ones who formed the courts of the floral Queens are still elated with their fleeting honors.

The Democratic City Convention met last night and in harmonious action made the nominations for City officers.

Mr. Sickles has just left Washington for New York.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. May 16th, '59.

All about Birds—The War in Europe—Conventions—The Doctors moving—Sad accident and Death—A Word to the Farmers.

Dear Times:—

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw tuft shed,
The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn."

The delightful rural sights and sounds of a bright May morning, like this, always call to our mind the exquisite picture presented above by the immortal author of the "Elegy." We feel sure that every ardent admirer of Nature can well appreciate the scene and while doing so must acknowledge the grace and life which birds add to the landscape and also their utility in an economical point of view. It is very distressing that the economy generally do not feel the force of this truth: every boy as soon as he can do anything at all, actuated by a murderous impulse from within, sallies forth, bent on the destruction of all the feathered race, which may come in the scope of his vision. The consequence is that our woods and fields are depopulated of the pretty warblers; bugs, worms and insects increase around us, threatening the entire destruction of our fruit and grain crops, and the total extermination of several valuable species of birds follows. Some popular writer should scatter broadcast, over the land a song:

"Sportsman, spare that bird!"

so that in all hearts there should grow up an affection for the birds; they are the best friends of the farmer; they enliven his labor and protect his crops; they are the barrier set by an all wise Creator, to the inordinate multiplication of the insect tribes, saving a hundred fold more than they destroy. Another important idea, connected with a subject recently argued on in the "Times," is the multiplication of home attractions by the birds; how much they are loved and welcomed in every well ordered household; how sweetly they sing how blithely they twitter and flit; how large a portion of the pleasant reminiscences of every country visit do they constitute. Again and again we say it: beautify your homes, plant more trees and raise your own music.

In one of our states there is a most excellent law imposing a heavy fine on any person killing a bird, on the premises of another; in other states the killing of birds, fishing &c is restrained within certain fixed limits by a heavy fine; and oppressive and unconstitutional, as subversive of inherent rights, as such laws may appear to be, they are at once salutary and wise. In this vicinity many of our most intelligent farmers favor even a stricter law than this: they say the town-folks are the intruders and transgressors, as their neighbors know better.

What stirring times they are having in Europe and what a contrast our own happy country presents to such confusion, bloodshed and waste of time and money! What is it all for and what will be the end? not one of the many thousands who will look their last on earthly things can

possibly guess the reason why, and the result is only seen by Him, who knows the hearts of kings and rules the destinies of nations; we can only hope and pray that good may come of it, good to all who are ground down by oppression and trodden under foot by tyranny. It is quite probable our Yankee friends will reap great benefits from the carrying trade and the supply of provisions and munitions of war and John Bull and the other combatants will be "right smart," if they keep Jonathan from putting his finger in the pie; the wise ones too, claim to see another financial storm ahead and already the premonitory symptoms are being felt in the great commercial centres, London and New York, in the failure and downfall of the money and stock brokers—now is the time to stand firm under.

The whole country seems to be full of conventions, besides those we mentioned last week, we hear of a general convention of the M. D's. at Louisville, Ky, of the New school Presbyterians, North and South, at Indianapolis and several others; the Directors of our Insane Asylum held a meeting here last week and some seventy Doctors from all parts of the State took a "fitting" up to Statesville, to talk over their concerns; it is remarkable how well the community progresses in their absence! is it not? We learn they debated and approved of the medical bill, passed by the last Legislature and appointed a Board of Examiners to act under it, so that hereafter no one can practice Medicine in the State, without their license. They were exceedingly well entertained in the little town, treated to a free ride to the terminus of the Rail Road and returned in the best possible humor with "the world and the rest of mankind."

Those of your readers who have read and admired "Southwold" will hear with regret and surprise that the husband of the accomplished authoress accidentally killed himself with a pistol, last week in N. Y.; the ball passed in at the right ear and through the brain, of course producing instant death. The lady is a niece of Thos. P. Devereux, Esq., of Halifax and a few years since was one of the belles of this metropolis.

We would like to recommend to your Farmer Readers the "American Agriculturist," published in English and German by O. Judd, 189 Water st. N. Y., at \$1. The premiums in valuable seeds and books and the annual distribution of rare seeds to each subscriber render its advantages superior to any periodical we know; the May number is before us, full of the most reliable information on agricultural matters, written in a plain, practical style and well illustrated by a variety of cuts; we acknowledge our indebtedness to this able and prolific source for some of the ideas contained in our opening paragraph. The Agriculturist is a very decided enemy to the many humbugs in the line of manures and seeds, so prevalent among us and we can confidently say to our Farmer Friends, that the investment of \$1 may save or make you many, in the course of a year.

Yours, &c., P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

PARIS, LAMAR COUNTY, TEXAS, }

April 29th, 1859.

Dear "Times": I have at last reached the so-called "garden spot of the world," and am of the opinion that there are gardens, equally as attractive, much nearer the Atlantic. It is pleasant to ride over these beautiful and rich prairies, on a mild day, but it is by no means so pleasant when a "Norther" is sweeping across them; neither is it pleasant to ride for many miles in succession when the sun is shining hot upon a dry sand, and looks in vain for a cool spring or stream of pure water. However, cisterns and wells supply the inhabitants, and strangers soon learn where to find them.

Judging from what I have seen and heard of the soil in this State, there is less land fit for cultivation in proportion to area than in any of the old States. Stock raising is a pleasant and profitable business, when properly conducted, and in many counties, there is a great extent of land useless for cultivation which affords excellent pasturage for horses, cattle and sheep.

I will write you a long letter in a few days. Yours, "PROF."

MELANCHOLY DEATH.—Mr. W. H. Mayhew, formerly of Newbern, died on Wednesday last, at his newly adopted home in Rutherfordton, N.C. Mr. Mayhew left this place about ten months ago and went to Rutherfordton where he established a school which we understand was in quite a flourishing condition, and having bought property in that mountain village, was making arrangements to move his family thither, but before he could complete his designs the grim monster came and summoned him hence.

Thus in the midst of his usefulness, has fallen a kind husband, affectionate father, ripe scholar and worthy citizen. We understand his family will remain in Newbern.—Progress.

MUSIC—MISCELLANEOUS
NO. I.

BY WM. HAUSER, M. D., OF GA.

Having for the last two years written a regular series of articles on music for the Times, I now propose a few miscellaneous ones, that some matters may be brought to view which cannot very readily be made to fit in a serial.

It is not enough, I ween, to excite the musical appetite; the dainties themselves should be spread before the hungry, and the assurance be given that all may partake.

The enquiry often comes to me, where can such and such music be obtained. Come hither, all ye hungry ones, and I'll tell you just where you can find the richest board that has ever been spread in America, and I doubt not, in any part of the world. You wish to know just where you can be sure to get any piece of sheet-music, or music-book, American or foreign, new or old, and done up in the most approved style; and you wish to know where there is a perfectly honest man, who will not cheat anybody, young or old, learned or ignorant, green or grey, in the prices of his musical publications. I am very happy indeed to know that I can direct you all to just the house, that will more than fulfil all the expectations I shall be able to raise by this article. That house is OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

I first bought the publications of this firm eleven years ago, not dreaming, at that time, that it would in little more than one decade become the greatest and best music-publishing house this world has ever seen; but such is the fact. True, Ditson had been publishing music for many years before I began to buy his books; so that his present overshadowing, *Himalayan* proportions are not, like Jonah's gourd, the perishable growth of a night, but like the coral mountains of the deep, which are begun in silence, in darkness, and in feebleness, by tiny bands, and are piled, layer on layer, with adamant compactness, till at last a size and strength, are reached that defy all the might and terribleness of the stormy ocean. And Ditson is a man of sense and honor too. Some men are quite too big to accommodate a poor man who has but a few cents to spend; not so with him; he will accommodate anybody, and do it like a real, full-blooded gentleman, of the genuine sort. And it seems his employees are all like him; I send them for music *always* goes right, never gets lost. And no matter which of them writes to me he always writes like a gentleman.

To the best of my recollection I have never before written a line in commendation of this great AMERICAN MUSICAL ESTABLISHMENT; but I do most earnestly wish everybody to know where they can be best accommodated with musical publications of every possible sort.

To show that I am not alone in the high estimate I place on this house I will quote an article from *Dwight's Journal of Music*: DITSON & CO's new Music-Store, 277 Washington street, Boston.

"Few persons, except those directly engaged in the business, have any conception of the extent of the Music Trade of our country, or of the amount of capital invested in its various branches. Omitting for the present all mention of Piano-manufacture, we will limit our remarks to the music publishing, of which some idea may be formed from a brief description of a visit we have made to the new and extensive building, No 277 Washington street, erected by Mr. Oliver Ditson, expressly for the business of the firm. It is a fine structure, five stories in height, granite front, covering an acre of twenty five feet frontage with a depth of nearly one hundred feet, and extending through from Washington street to Jackson Place. In beauty of architectural proportions and general appearance, it is unsurpassed by any structure of the kind in this city, and we think we can safely say in any on this continent.

"Entering from Washington street, we found ourselves in a store fitted up for the retail trade with exquisite neatness and superior taste. The stock here embraces every variety, both of American and foreign Music, with clerks to each department constantly employed in answering the continuous demands of the public. There is no music, either in the form of sheet or book, published in this country, that may not here be found, besides a large and well selected stock of foreign music. Here are compositions of every name and nature, from the standard productions of the masters, down through every grade, to the first effort of the novitiate in the art, whose bustling melody is looking up for public favor. The long period which this house has been established, enables it to furnish, in addition to all the publications of the present day, works that are often said to be 'out of print;' and this fact directs the attention and patronage of dealers and amateurs to it from all parts of the Union.

"The contents of the various compartments are designated by tasteful 'letters of gold' above them. On the right we noticed, first 'Instrumental Music,' followed by 'Foreign Music' and 'Jobbing Music'—this last being conveniently assorted for supplies to other dealers. On the left, 'Vocal Music,' 'Guitar Music' and 'Music Books.' Of course these general departments are sub-divided many times, in order to establish a system, without strict adherence to which, a business so multitudinous in its branches could not be carried on. Beyond the specimen books on the left, are two stairways—one leading to the piano and other rooms above, the other to the basement. We descended the latter, and having done so, began to get our eyes open somewhat to the magnitude of the business. We thought we had seen some sheet music on the ground floor, but it was nothing compared to the cords of it below. This department, devoted more especially to the wholesale trade, is completely filled with shelving extending not only upon every side, but in addition thereto, two tiers also from floor to ceiling running the entire length of the centre. There are also shelves under the side-walk, and in every available place. All of these shelves are packed with sheet music, and contain in the aggregate about 4000 cubic feet of this article.

"There are two prominent features in this room to which we must allude. The first is a large safe for the security of the engraved music plates. It is large enough to hold quite a dinner party. We were told that it contains, easily, fifty thousand plates, and, by some contrivance, sixty thousand! Yet, notwithstanding its capaciousness, we found it closely filled, and a loud call for 'more room' seemed to come to us from the crowded inmates. Further on, a large steam-boiler, calculated to do its work on the self-adjusting plan, is waiting for the frost of winter to call it into action. From this, steam will be conducted to every room, diffusing throughout the building a wholesome, genial and natural warmth.

"Directly over the first floor—that of the retail and transient business—is the Piano-Forte Room. A large number of pianos, of every description, are continually kept for sale, besides which a considerable business is done in renting pianos and melodeons.

"On the third floor in the 'Book Room' is itself a National curiosity. Few have any idea of the number and variety of music books issued from the American press alone. Messrs. Ditson & Co's list of publications in this line comprises: Primers, Catechisms, Dictionaries, Encyclopedias, &c., 12 volumes; Organ Instruction and Music for the same 25 volumes; Melodeon and Seraphine Instruction and Music, 9 volumes; Guitar and Harp, 11 volumes; Vocal Instruction and Exercises, 41 volumes; Flute 26 volumes; Violin, 17 volumes; Accordion, 11 volumes; Miscellaneous Instruments, 15 volumes; Composition, Harmony, Thorough Bass, and Treatises on Music, 17 volumes; Brass Instruments, 9 volumes; Collections of Instrumental Music, 30 volumes; of vocal Music, Operas, Glees, &c., 76 volumes; Juvenile Music Books, 16 volumes; and of Sacred Music 68 volumes. The room devoted to this part of the business extends through the entire length and breadth of the building. On every side are capacious bins, each book having its place, all well filled, and presenting a fine appearance. It is fair to estimate the contents of this apartment of not less than two hundred thousand volumes! Here you may find not only a Method of instruction and music for every instrument, but several instruction books for each, meeting all tastes and requirements.

"On the fourth floor is a large stock of printing: papers, colored papers for covers, books in sheets, music paper, folios, and blank music books. Here also a portion of the music plate punchers and engravers are located. Above this, on the fifth floor the music printing is executed. Twelve presses are here constantly in operation, employing about twenty workmen. We should mention in this connection that these presses are worked for sheet music alone, that for books being printed by steam power in another part of the city. The books being mostly stereotyped, are printed on steam presses of the modern, fast stamp, by means of which they can be furnished at a cheap rate to the public.

"The amount of printing paper used at this establishment is not less than one hundred thousand reams yearly, and is annually increasing. The building is complete in every particular. Cosmopolitan water is conveyed to every part of it; gas fixtures are arranged in every room: speaking tubes extend to every floor from the first; goods are conveyed through all six floors by means of a powerful wheel, and a huge platform running in groves, and the rooms being open on two streets are amply provided with air and light.

"As we descended from the printing rooms and took a cursory glance, in review, of the various departments and their uses, we were deeply impressed with the immensity of the business that could call such an edifice into existence, and so fully employ every available portion of it for

its constant use. No 277 Washington street is an institution which, considered in the influence it exerts by its numerous publications, or, in a pecuniary point of view, in its general bearing on the prosperity of our city, may be justly deemed an honor not only to Boston, but to the whole Union."

I might quote much more of the same sort; but I suppose this to be enough. Send a couple of postage stamps to Ditson & Co. and request them to send you their Catalogue of Musical publications.

I have on hand some of the finest music in the world, bought of them; but this article is already so long I'll defer what I have to say of them for a future number.

SPRING DISEASES.

The complaint of "lassitude" is almost universal as spring advances, and those who have reached fifty years, can well remember the old time custom of taking something to "purify the blood," to "thin the blood," as regularly as the season of spring returned; and even now, the failing in appetite and "falling off" in flesh corroborate the idea in the unthinking, that they must take something, and forthwith "bitters" are prepared, and these bitters, being nothing less than some herb or root put into a bottle of whiskey, are the means of initiating multitudes into habits of drunkenness. The more elevated and refined of citizens, use various kinds of wines and too often recommend their children to do the same, to end in drinking vulgar gin, or in secretly chewing opium.

But there is a better way and a safer. The decline of appetite in spring is not the symptom, or the effect of disease, it is as it were the wise forethought of a sleepless instinct, which puts out its blind feelers ahead to clear away danger. Instinct, that wonderful, impalpable thing, the agent of Almighty power, the instrument of love divine; its lesson is, that the body does not require so much food, hence the desire for it is taken away; and if men could only be induced to read that lesson aright, to practice it by simply eating according to the appetite, by not going to the table if they did not "feel like taking anything," and then resolutely wait until the next meal, and at no time eating an atom, unless there was a decided desire for it,—if such a course were judiciously pursued, the spring time would be to us a waking up to newness of life, as it is to the vegetable world. But instead of thus co-operating with our instincts, we take something, bitters, good for "whetting up the appetite." It acts like a charm, we speak loudly in its praise, and a dozen more are induced to follow the example. But soon the bubble bursts. Nature was only drugged, her voice was hushed, only to wake up a little later to find her ward prostrated by, serious, and as to old persons, often fatal sickness. To avoid spring diseases then, abate the amount of food eaten at least one third, and work or exercise with a proportionate deliberation. *Hall's Journal of Health.*

MORMONISM.—This absurd imposture is now thirty-one years old. Joe Smith, its inventor, had no hesitation in its early days in pronouncing in private that he knew it to be an imposture. On one occasion, while the Mormon temple was in Ohio, he confessed to Mr. Wilson, a lawyer of Cleveland, (now Judge Wilson, of the U. S. District Court for Northern Ohio,) that it was a humbug, and defied it on the ground that in his opinion, all religions were humbugs, and that he had as good a right as any one to avail himself of popular credulity. We had this from Judge Wilson's own lips. The late J. W. Smith, formerly Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, informed us that Joe admitted the same thing substantially to him. At the same time there is no doubt that most of Joe Smith's followers were hoist in their delusion, as the sacrifices they made of comfort and even of property substantially prove.

The revelation of polygamy to the saints is comparatively recent, not having been publicly proclaimed till 1853, though they were suspected both of the theory and practice long before that time. Utah was recognised by the Federal Government as a Territory in the year 1850, and Brigham Young appointed Governor by Mr. Fillmore, an appointment of which was renewed under the administration of Gen. Pierce.

It is not much credit to the boasted enlightenment of the age or country that such a superstition should attain such a growth in the nineteenth century and in the United States of America. Most of its deluded votaries are, however, from foreign countries. The mass of them are sincere; but the leaders are cunning rogues, like Joe Smith, who make the credulity of the superstitious their stock in trade.

Brigham Young, the present head of the Mormons, is a man of considerable administrative capacity, and is said to have made a handsome fortune out of Mormonism.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, May 21, 1859.

C. C. COLE, Editors and Proprietors.
J. W. ALBRIGHT.

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARTWRIGHT, D.D.,
W. R. HUNTER,
J. STARR BULLOCK,
W. L. M. SUGGINS,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,
J. C. WHITFIELD,
MARY W. JAYNES,
WILLIAM E. PARSONS,
INA CLAYTON,
C. H. DENN,
ANNA M. RATES,
GRACE MILWOOD,
MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKER,
MRS. C. HUTCHINS,
GRIFFITH J. MORRIS,
and others.

"The Aurora."

Such is the title of a monthly magazine for the mothers and daughters of the South and West; Mrs. E. M. Eaton, Editor, Murfreesboro, Tennessee. We have taken some pains to examine this new candidate for public favor, and so far as we are able to judge, it is especially adapted to its purposes. Mrs. Eaton is a very talented lady, and she takes a great interest in bringing out our best writers in all the Southern and Western States. The Aurora is, therefore, the repository of much of the best inklings of our own home writers, and none of its articles are of an objectionable character as immoral or vitiating. But on the contrary, it is a monthly for mothers and daughters that they may read with pleasure and profit. We hope they will send for a copy for examination and wide circulation.

DEATH OF PROF. HARRISON.—The Lynchburg Republican states that Dr. Gessner Harrison, Greek Professor in the University of Virginia, died on Wednesday 4th. Dr. H. had held a professorship in the University for over a quarter of a century, but had determined to resign at the close of the present session.

ADDRESSES.—Rev. Dr. Deems has been invited and consented to deliver the Annual Address before the students of Hertford Male and Female Academy at the Commencement which is to take place on the 20th of July next.

J. Parker Jordan, Esq., of Perquimans, will deliver the Annual Address before the two Literary Societies of Randolph Macon College at their approaching Commencement.

THE MAIL TO CALIFORNIA.—The Postmaster General has accepted the proposals of Daniel H. Johnson, of New York, amounting in the aggregate to \$162,960, for semi-monthly service for nine months from the first of October next, (being at the rate of \$216,000 per annum,) between New York and San Francisco, via Nicaragua, connecting at Key West. The Constitution says:

The schedule time between New York and San Francisco is not to exceed twenty-three days, and between New Orleans and San Francisco twenty days, the ocean service to be performed in good and sufficient steamships, and the isthmian service in good and sufficient steamboats and land carriages. The service for the same period, at the rate now paid, would cost \$741,187 50, showing a saving of \$579,187 50, excluding from the estimate the unimportant coastwise service between San Francisco and San Diego, and the service between San Francisco and Astoria, which latter is provided for in another contract, without additional expense to the department.

He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand.

The Episcopal Convention at Goldsboro.

The following extract of a letter relating to the doings at the recent Convention of the Episcopal Church at Goldsboro, may have an interest for some of our readers:

I was present, as you are aware, at the Annual Convention of the Church at Goldsboro. The recurrence of this occasion,—the gathering in grave and earnest council of the representatives of such a body,—is an event of very great importance to all its members, and one in which, you know, I take a deep interest. I would gladly be there always. Especially would I be there, if I might always witness so much wise debate, and simple intent to do good, and unaffected and cordial affection, as, I trust usually, this time I am sure, has characterized that assembly. It seemed to me, their meeting was a re-union of friends and brothers after a long separation: so much was there obviously among them of mutual love and sincere good-will, and so little, so absolutely nothing, that looked like jealousy and dislike. They had met to transact business of the utmost importance to the Church in this Diocese, reaching to every member of it, and stretching on in its influence to perhaps the remotest generations; to consider and decide on a Constitution and body of Canons, by which they are to be governed for many years, and it may be forever. The debate was deliberate and grave and earnest, as befitting so important a matter; and though there were differences of opinion apparent enough among them, and that too of questions of the deepest interest, and which commonly enlist men's feelings strongly, still there was not a word or a look that betrayed undue excitement, not the slightest indication anywhere of adherence to party or a struggle for victory. The entire body seemed to be animated by the single and simple desire to ascertain the truth as God has revealed and established it, and to accept and confirm the same. They evidently sought to ascertain and maintain the rights and duties of all orders of men in the Church, and to adopt such measures as might enable them most effectually to train all the members of the Church in Christian virtue, to win the souls of men to Christ in his Church, and make sure to all within its borders the benediction of the grace of God. You will agree with me that one is well repaid for much toil and trouble by witnessing such a spectacle. Whether it is peculiar to North Carolina, or common to all, I do not tell; such certainly was the sight this Convention presented.

The Convention was made up to a great extent of men of clear good sense. This was obvious in almost all that was done. There was also a very fair share of talent, and of men conspicuous in places of high trust and honor. The Clergy are on the whole a good-looking set of men. The Chancel offered a very striking sight to one in the body of the Church,—twenty to thirty surpliced Deacons and stoled Priests, with the Bishop in his robes, all in attitude of devotion, or of attentive listening—a sight rarely, if ever, before seen in our State. The time of the Convention,—five days, including Sunday,—was mainly occupied in business. On Sunday all the places of worship in the village were offered to our clergy, and the pulpits were filled by them. The Convention sermon was preached on Wednesday by Rev. Dr. Curtis of Hillsboro, and was a very able and thorough discussion of the need of some authority to decide in all disputes touching Christian faith and practice. On Thursday sermons were delivered by Rev. Drs. Wheat of Chapel Hill, and Mason of Raleigh. Dr. Wheat, as you know, is a very brilliant rhetorician and effective speaker; and Dr. Mason is always learned and able. We all regretted that the Bishop did not preach.

I must not fail to tell you how very beautiful I think the building where the Convention met. It is called St. Stephen's, and is the finest specimen of a rural church that I have seen in our State. Both the outside and the inside are alike in severe good taste. The windows are lancet, and of stained glass, the chancel very spacious, with a beautiful triquet in the east end and a noble altar. All the proportions of the structure are excellent, though I heard some complain that it is too long and narrow, and there is no affection or pretension anywhere about it. The whole work is highly creditable to the liberality of the parish, and to the energy and taste of the Rector. I hope they will both find many imitators among our people.

I need not say anything to you who know Goldsboro so well, of the bounteous hospitality with which the Convention was entertained. Yet the fact is no less honorable to them, that large audiences every day listened eagerly to the debates, and to all appearance with as much interest joined in the exercises of devotion. I can not doubt the season

was one of great religious profit to many who were present, and not least, I trust, to Yours, &c., &c.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

In another place we give the latest intelligence from the European States, and the position of the war parties. While *per se*, we deprecate the ravages of war, yet we cannot say our feelings are peculiarly enlisted in the present struggle on one side or the other.

In view, however, of the critical state of affairs, the following brief review of past wars between Austria and France will refresh the memory of the reader:

WARS IN THE PAST BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.

Within the last seventy years there have been five wars between France and Austria on the continent of Europe. Austria was one of the first nations that took up arms against the French revolution. In connection with Prussia, in 1792, her armies invaded France. After a desperate struggle they were driven out by the energy of the French republican assembly, and by the valor and military skill of Gen. Demourier. The French Assembly, by a conscription, called out one million two hundred thousand men for the defense of the country, a military exertion which has seldom, if ever, been equaled in military annals.

Prussia and Spain withdrew from the coalition, and, in 1796, Austria was left to sustain the shock of the French in Italy. She was supported by the King of Sardinia, a State, which is now her bitter enemy. The French army, under Napoleon, in two campaigns detached Sardinia from her alliance, drove her troops out of Italy, and pursued them into Germany, nearly to the gates of Vienna. Under the walls of that capital, France dictated peace to Austria in 1797. By that peace she made large cessions of territory and influence in Germany. As a recompense Napoleon assigned her Venice and Lombardy, and first made her an Italian power.

In 1799 Austria and Russia took up arms against France, and for a time were very successful. They drove the French out of Italy. In the latter part of that year, however, Napoleon returned from Egypt. He induced the Russian Emperor Paul to withdraw from the Austrian alliance. Having accomplished this he led his army into Italy. On the plains of Marengo he fought a decisive battle, the result of which expelled Austria from Italy. It was followed up by the victory of Austerlitz, in Germany, gained by the French under Gen. Moreau. The French columns were again near Vienna, and again France compelled Austria to sue for peace. In 1804 the Emperor of France became the King of Italy. Immediately after Austria and Russia attacked France. Such, however, was the power of the latter, that in six months one Austrian army was destroyed at Ulm, and another, together with the Russians, destroyed at Austerlitz. The French entered Vienna and again dictated a peace.

In 1809 Austria and France again met in collision on the tented field. The French, however, under Napoleon, marched down the valley of the Danube with the velocity, almost, of the wind, and in one campaign took up their quarters in Vienna. A severe and ignominious peace for Austria was the result. In 1813 Austria, united with the great powers of Europe, overthrew the French empire, and broke down the power which had so often entered the gates of Vienna in triumph. By the treaties of 1814 and 1815 the northern States of Italy, Venice and Lombardy were ceded to Austria by the leading nations of Europe. It is now on the faith of these treaties that Austria rests her case and appeals to the rest of Germany and to England to assist her in maintaining them inviolate. As they were the treaties which witnessed the humiliation of his uncle, Louis Napoleon has no great respect for them.

THE STATE is the name of a new Whig paper, recently commenced in Elizabeth City. The second number of which we have received. Messrs. J. W. Hinton, & W. H. Bayley Editors. We believe *The State* is the offspring of the union of the Elizabeth City *Native Sentinel* and the *Murfreesboro Citizen*. It appears to be quite an improvement on the past.

RALEIGH FEMALE SEMINARY.—We have received a copy of the annual Catalogue of this Institution under the presidency of Rev. D. R. Bruton. The Faculty is full and the number of pupils ninety-four. Recently a new and splendid Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus, Globes, Charts, Maps, Telescopes, &c., have been introduced into the Institution and have proved of paramount importance.

Thomas, spell ingenuity, I-n-d-i-a-n k-n-o-w-a-T. Go to the head.

THREE CENTS A DAY.

BY ISA CLAYTON.

Close her eyes gently
Her soul is at rest,
Fold her hands lightly
Over her breast.

There's no one to mourn
Save gentle-eyed May,
For whom she has toiled
For three cents a day.

In a lone cabin,
On a pillow of stone,
And a couch of straw,
Her work was done.

Poor little May,
Thy mother is gone;
Her sufferings are o'er,
Say, canst thou mourn?

Go to that old miser,
Who could not pay,
A poor toiling sempstress,
But three cents a day.

Point to the grave,
Where thy mother lies,
Then point to that home,
Where she dwells in the skies.

Ask him, oh, ask him,
If he expects to share,
The bliss of Heaven,
With the wronged one there.

The toil-worn fingers,
Are lifeless and cold;
Which served to add,
To his coils of gold.

Will this thought not awaken,
One pang of regret—
And wilt the orphan May,
For his sake suffer yet.

Familiar Correspondence.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE "ROAMING INVALID" AT ELM COTTAGE.

Did you never, kind reader, hear of the "Roaming Invalid?" or the hero of "Ten Years in Bed?" Well, if you have, you doubtless felt some curiosity to meet with such a remarkable case of affliction; and I really wish you had been at Elm Cottage, my rural home, a few days ago to share with me in this rare pleasure. But as you were denied this privilege, let me tell you something about him and his visit.

For some two or three years past my attention has been arrested by paragraphs in the newspapers, alluding to Jeffries, the Rockingham invalid, who, after ten years of prostration upon his bed had by some seemingly miraculous interposition of Providence been partially restored, and now though entirely bereft of the use of his lower extremities, was with an almost superhuman energy wandering hither and thither, over the country to dispose of a little volume, containing a brief autobiographical sketch of his life and sufferings; from the proceeds of which he indulged a laudable hope of obtaining an honest sustenance. Of course my deepest sympathies were aroused in his behalf; and as I felt no little solicitude to form the acquaintance of one who seems like a kindred spirit, the hope sometimes suggested itself that in his peregrinations my humble home might chance to fall in his path. You may well conceive the gratification which I felt, when a short time since the tidings reached me that he was sojourning for a while at a neighboring town and that, *Deo volente*, he would be with me in a few days with the intention of enjoying a transitory relaxation from his toilsome journeyings by my bedside. Promptly at the designated time, my aged father, who felt scarcely less interest in the invalid wayfarer than myself was ready with his vehicle to carry him from an adjacent depot. Our meeting, you may well conceive was tender and affecting, just such a one as you would imagine between two pilgrims over Sahara's burning sands, whose paths at length bring them face to face at some green oasis, where beside its limpid brooks they might talk over the experiences of their journey. The hours whiled almost insensibly away in pleasant communion; each fairly exuberant with a stream of quiet, grateful happiness that we had been permitted to enjoy this pleasant little interchange of thoughts and feelings, a privilege which each had long desired. Each had much to communicate to the other about the experiences of the past; many little correspondent incidents in his history to suggest and compare many little coincidences from which to deduce evidences of the special interposition of a divine, superintending Providence.

Each was within a very few months of the same age; each was the victim of the same remorseless disease; and each had been stricken down at the very threshold of manhood just as the mantle of maturity was falling upon his shoulders. But here the parallel failed; for whilst the stranger invalid was able unattended to roam hundreds of miles from his mountain home, blessed with an iron nerve and buoyant health; his companion was stretched like a mass of stone upon his couch, with a system helplessly shattered by disease, and daily expecting the fearful summons from across the dark valley.

But the time soon came when he could tarry no longer—his active, industrious disposition urging him on his mission away to the "sunny South," where his only remaining, and now venerable parent, yet survives. And in all the assembled household there was scarcely a tearful eye. My own bosom was bursting with emotions, struggling in vain for utterance; and as the last glimpse of his revolving chair vanished from my vision, as they bore him over the threshold, I could not suppress the mental ejaculation, "farewell, forever!"

No, not forever! we shall meet again! Yes, blessed inspiring assurance! the bed-ridden sufferer and the invalid wanderer shall meet again, with that "white-robed throng who have gone up through much tribulation," to inherit a brighter, happier home than this.

One other thought and I have done.—Let me, kind reader, commend him to your hearts and homes as one eminently worthy of your sympathies and charities; and should you ever have it in your power, let me entreat you in the name of suffering humanity, not to neglect to throw a rose in his rugged pathway, and send him rejoicing on his mission.

INVALID.

Elm Cottage, Va.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ROSE HILL.

Dear Times:—We all love the spring-time, with its wealth of birds and roses, and yet how few of us can greet it without a tear and a sigh for the dear ones who are sleeping in their cold graves, with the violets and daisies growing over their peaceful bosoms. And now as I sit here in my cool window, with the roses and honeysuckles swinging far out on the evening breeze like fragrant censurers, my thoughts go stealing back to another spring-time when one who was the sunlight of my life passed away from my earthly home forever, while the flowers were blooming as sweetly and the birds sang as gaily as they are singing now.

"What wakest thou in the heart, O Spring,
The human heart with all its dreams and sighs—
Thou art givest back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er
thou art—
What wakest thou in the heart?"

Too much, Oh! thrice too much, we know
not well—
Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by
thee,
What fond, strange yearnings from the soul's
depth—
Ours for the fancies we no more may see!
How are we haunted in thy wight's low tone
By voices that are gone.

Looks of familiar love, that never more—
Never on earth our aching eyes shall meet;
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanished smiles and sounds of parting
fare!
Spring! mid the murmur of thy flowering trees,
Why, why do we regret they these?"

Vain longings for the dead, why come they
back—
With thy young birds and leaves and living
blooms!
Oh! is it not that from thine earthly track,
Hope to thy world, may look beyond the
tomb?
Yes, gentle spring, no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones there."

Ah, how my heart thrills with the truth of those sweet lines, as I remember the love and faith of that precious friend. I remember I put flowers to her window that she might watch them as she lay on her bed of suffering and I can see the flowers now and the parted curtain, through which the sweet winds stole, lifting with their cool fingers the long damp curls that clustered around her pale suffering face. I remember the hour when the Dr. told me she could not live, I did not believe him then although I saw the shadow of a tear, far down in the depth of his dark eye, how could she die, was not love stronger than death, was she not a part of my being, and could I give her up? Oh! the very thought was madness, and I went to her bedside feeling that love and prayer could save her; but alas! all night long I watched her struggling in the bitterness of death and just as the morning dawned she closed her eyes and went down smiling through the "deep waters," saying "Jesus is with me, his rod and his staff they comfort me," and then the mists of the dark valley fell between my heart and hers, never to be taken away until we meet in the cloudless hereafter of heaven.

Ah! the spring time is full of sad sweet memories, yet while we watch the opening flowers through tears that can not be repressed, faith reveals to us the dome of that beautiful city, where we shall "walk in white" with our precious ones, surrounded by the light and glory of God's perpetual Spring-time.

VIOLET.

IMPORTANT TO COTTON GROWERS.—The N. O. Picayune, speaking of the recent great losses of cotton in that city, by fire, suggests the use of iron ties for the bales, as the latter will not burn, (only a mere singeing on the outside) if they are kept in their compressed state.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
The Broken String.
 BY SARAH J. C. WHITTELEY.
 CANTO IV.

I.
 "Lady, no—but years have made,
 Since then, new wreaths of bloom;
 Deeper grown the willow-shade,
 Above her quiet tomb;
 One by one, the shattered strings,
 So wildly, rudely riven,
 By her fluttering spirit-wings,
 In their glad flight to Heaven.

II.
 "Mystic fingers gently dress
 Away, with silly art,
 Winding others, bright and new,
 Around his waking heart;
 One by one—the evening dew,
 From eyes of azure shed,
 Moistened curls of raven hue,
 Beside the silent dead.

III.
 "Kneeling 'neath the willow trees,
 He caught a spirit-trill,
 Floating on the evening breeze—
 It whispered: 'Peace, be still!'
 One by one—the midnight moon
 Lay golden, in far heaven,
 Spot of shadows deep and lone,
 Across it fiercely driven.

IV.
 "Lifted eyes of changeful hue,
 Night spirits hovered o'er,
 Hymning, as they upward flew:
 'Not lost, but gone before!'
 One by one—but lady fair,
 'Tis but a thrice-told tale,
 Fraught, perchance, with new despair—
 Love's second, dying wail!

V.
 "Ere the midnight murmurs creep
 Amid those blossoms white,
 While earth's joys and sorrows sleep—
 'Tis time to part—good night.'
 "Nay, my lord!—the maiden smiled
 Brightly as moonlight's gold,
 Artless as a sunset child—
 "The tale is yet untold."

VI.
 Musingly, with deep dark eyes
 Bent on her upturned brow,
 Tranquil as the cloudless skies,
 He sadly breathed: "Not now,
 Maiden, fair; and yet thou art
 So like that being bright,
 Who re-strung his lonely heart,
 I fain—but ah! good night!"

VII.
 Slowly waned the midnight hour,
 Above the world's calm rest;
 White and drooping as the flower
 Upon her throbbing breast,
 Lingered still the maiden lone,
 Beneath the moon's pale beam,
 Listening to the night-wind's moan
 For life's first broken dream!

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
The Conspirators.
 AN HISTORICAL
 Story of Old England.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE,
 CHAPTER I.
 THE KING AND THE PRIEST.

RICHARD II. of England was walking with hasty steps his private audience chamber one eye, just as the sun was sinking into the crimson west, throwing his last golden arrows through the lofty purple-stained windows. The King seemed ill at ease and angry withal, for ever and anon muttered words would fall from his lips, and fiercer and quicker did he pace the extent of his apartment with his royal robe of purple, embroidered with gold and gems rare and of great value, sweeping the soft carpet that covered the floor. On his head was the Diadem of England, and the great diamonds and rubies flashed back the yellow rays of the declining sun, for he had just come from the throne chamber, where he had met the great dignitaries of the kingdom, and had not yet removed the circlet from his brow.

Right royal looked England's King as he strode up and down the apartment, and well would it have been for England and for Richard, too, had he preserved the virtues as well as the bearing of a King, but never since the days of John had the English people, nobles as well as peasants, known so great a tyrant.

Suddenly Richard paused, and standing for a moment irresolute, seemingly debating something in his mind, then approaching a side-table he took a silver bell, and rang a loud peal that reached its rich music through the room. In a moment a page, clad in rich apparel, glided in and bowed low before his royal master.

"Send Father Gregory to me," commanded the King, and the page disappeared.

Richard resumed his walk, though slower than before, seemingly in deep thought, then stopping, spoke aloud to himself:

"Yes, the Priest will know best; he has averted the wrath of the nobles more than once for me, and he can plan something to get me out of this. Of all

my counsellors there is no one that I would exchange for Father Gregory."

"You flatter me, sire," said a voice at his side. The King started, for he had not seen the form of Father Gregory, as he glided from behind the tapestry in the direction of the door. With a frown the King said:

"My visitors are usually announced to me—why were you not, instead of intruding thus?"

"You, Sire, were so engaged with your own thoughts that you heard not the words of your page."

"Tis well, sir Priest, and as your service is so much needed, I should excuse you if you came in any manner. Yes, your king needs the work of your brains more now to avert a storm that is gathering above his head than ever before."

"More?"

"Aye, more."

"More than thou didst when the good Duke of Gloucester was banished to Calais, and there fell by the hand of thy hired assassin?"

The brow of Richard grew dark as the Priest spoke, but it quickly passed away, and he murmured:

"Aye, more."

"More than thou didst when you banished the Dukes of Norfolk and Hereford, the former of whom, through the blow, died of a broken heart in Venice?"

"More than that, Sir Priest, but why bring up by-gone times? 'Tis concerning the latter that I now would speak."

"What of him? Is he not still an exile on the plains of Normandy?"

"Yes."

"Dost thou feel a renewal of thy regards for him—the same as thou felt when thou banished him for but six years, and the Duke of Norfolk for life, though their offences were equal? Or dost thou repent of taking to yourself the broad lands that fell to him on the death of his father, after granting to him letters patent insuring to him the enjoyment of any inheritance that might fall to him during his absence?"

"Not that, but to shield myself from the wrath of the nobles, who murmur at the taking of the traitor's lands to myself."

"Traitor! In what was the Duke of Hereford a traitor?"

"Hark ye, Sir Priest," exclaimed Richard, his face dark with passion, "know you to whom you speak? 'Twas not to be questioned of my acts that I called you hither, for, mark you, Richard of England stoops not so low as to be questioned by a dog of a priest."

"What I wished of you is to devise some means to avert the storm several of our nobles are endeavoring to bring down upon my head. What say you?"

"The King's word is law," humbly returned the Priest.

"Then stand you there until you devise some way."

The King resumed his walk up and down the audience-chamber, while the Priest stood with his arms folded upon his breast, buried in deep and gloomy thought.

For a long time their relative positions were the same, until the last ray of sunshine had disappeared, and the stars one by one had come forth in the sky, and the great round moon had just appeared over the eastern hills, shedding a pale silver-light into the apartment.

Suddenly the King paused in his walk, and stood before the dark-robed Priest.

"Well, Father Gregory, on what plan have you decided?"

"That Richard of England does something worthy the name of King," replied the bold-spoken Priest.

"And did he never?" exclaimed Richard fiercely.

"Never as yet," was the firm reply.

The hand of the King sought the hilt of his sword, and in a moment it was circling above his head, but it fell harmlessly by his side, while the Priest stood unmoved before him.

"What would you have me do?" he asked in a low voice.

"Do something worthy the name of King, again I repeat. Something that will take the eyes of the people from your past deeds to those of the present. To-morrow the expedition against the rebels in Ireland sails. Lead the forces yourself, instead of entrusting them to the charge of the Duke of York. Do something to prove yourself a brave warrior in the sight of your people, and they will forget the past, and again will cry 'Long live King Richard,' as of old, for I doubt if you have heard those words this year past. What say you to my plan?"

"It is a good one, my Priest, and much I owe your fruitful brain. Were it not for you another ere this would have ruled over England. It is the best thing that can be done, and I now go to make preparation for my departure. We have no further orders for you now, but will ever remember thee kindly, and come to thee for counsel in the hour of need."

The Priest bowed low and turned and

left the apartment. The King was alone.

"Yes, Father Gregory is right, but as he is a wily Priest 'tis best to take him with me, for he knows more than I should wish other ears to hear. He must go. But there is much to be done and I must not stand idle here." As he concluded he left the apartment in the direction of the Crown Chamber.

CHAPTER II.

THE MEETING OF THE CONSPIRATORS

THE Priest, as he left the audience-chamber of the King, hastened along through a long suite of apartments until he reached a distant part of the palace, far remote from the King's rooms, and at last stood before a massive oaken door, on which he gave a low prolonged rap. This was repeated three times, and then a voice came from the inside:

"Password."

"England."

As the Priest spoke and gave the word, the door swung open and immediately closed after giving him entrance, and he stood in the presence of some thirty persons, who were seated around a table in the centre of the apartment. Without a look of recognition, the Priest approached the table, and taking the only vacant seat in perfect silence, bowed his head on his hand and seemed buried in deep thought, and for a time not a sound broke the stillness of the apartment. Let us introduce a few of those there assembled to the reader.

At the head of the room sat the Earl of Northumberland, the most powerful noble of the kingdom, and celebrated for his military prowess, as well as great possessions. At his right hand was his valiant son, Henry Percy, who for his valiant deeds had been surnamed Hotspur, who years after fell by the hand of him whom he had helped to the throne, Henry IV. Father down was the Duke of York who was to lead the forces that sailed on the morrow to subdue the rebellion that had risen against the royal Richard in Ireland. He too, was a very powerful noble. The rest of the company was composed of various other dignitaries of the kingdom from the mitred bishop to the grey old baron, and young and dashing knights.

At length the silence that had pervaded the room was broken, as the towering form of the Duke of Northumberland rose in his place, and in tones that sounded like the coming of the tempest spoke:

"Friends and nobles of England; let us now to business, for this is undoubtedly the last night of our meeting, for without doubt when another first-day of the month has come, a coward will no longer disgrace the throne of England; for then a warrior and a king will wear the crown, and he the good Earl of Hereford."

"Long live the Earl of Hereford!" came from every lip, not excepting the priest's, in words not loud but deep.

"I have here," said Northumberland taking a small roll of parchment from his bosom, "a letter from the good Earl, in which he says that this day week, he will be with us, if all prospers well. He also says that it would be well for us to get by some means the weak Richard from the capital before his arrival—Father Gregory, you have influence with him, cannot you contrive it?"

The priest who had been listening to the words of Northumberland with great attention, rose and replied,

"Most noble Earl, I have anticipated the wishes of the one it is our pleasure to serve. Richard leaves on the morrow for Ireland at the head of the reinforcements that sail at noon."

"Many thanks, holy father, for what you have done to forward our cause. When Henry, earl of Hereford, sets on the English throne, your name shall be favorably noticed!"

"I wish naught from earthly monarchs, and I only render you my services in this for the good of the nation, who have now for years been under the foot of the despot, and the greatest tyrant that save one, England has ever known."

The priest resumed his seat, and again a silence ensued which was broken once more by Northumberland.

"Friends; we cannot advance the cause by remaining here as all the business is transacted that is necessary to be done to night. Let us now go forth in such a manner that shall not excite suspicion?"

Two by two the conspirators went forth from the royal palace, into the bright moonlight, and soon the room in which they had met was silent and deserted.

And, Richard, when they went forth had retired to rest, little thinking what had transpired within his very palace, little thought that the one on whom he relied for counsel, was leagued with those who were plotting his overthrow.

The moon shone through the window on the sleeping monarch, but his sleep was wild and troubled. Perhaps he saw in his dreams the forms of those who had fallen by his means beneath the heads-

man's axe; or, the unprotected children of those who now roamed in a foreign land, exiles from their native shores. But let it be as it may, it was not the sleep of innocence.

The next day the King sailed for Ireland and the Priest went with him; and he thought as the shores of England faded from his view that he was no longer the acknowledged King of that fair isle. But the future was hidden from his view and he did as one of his chief enemies commanded, for to the weak mind of Richard, the Priest's words were law. He had obtained complete control over him.

CHAPTER III.

THE FATE OF RICHARD.

THREE weeks have passed since the scenes we have just chronicled were enacted, and again at eventide we look in upon King Richard. In the castle of Gyne, we find him, in company with Father Gregory. The king was right merry in his mood, for success had attended his efforts to quell the rebellion, and from the flattering words of the Priest he imagined that he was seated on England's Throne, as firmly as ever before; for right bravely in truth had he fought within the few weeks past, and had completely won the hearts of the forces he commanded. Not a word had he heard from England during the time, nor the Priest, for a perfect tempest had been blowing all the time since their arrival, and not a vessel had been able to reach the Irish Coast from England, nor one from Ireland, there.

The Priest was so anxious to hear what was transpiring across the channel, that it was with great difficulty that he could contain himself, while in the presence of the King; but his uneasiness would be soon put to rest for that morning the wind had died away and before midnight he expected to receive dispatches from the conspirators.

"What think you the nobles will say when they find how quick their king has put the rebel's down?"

"They will thank him for what he has done, and look up to him as one well worthy to wear the crown of St. George," returned the wily priest, still bent on flattering Richard.

"I would like to hear from home," said the King in a low tone; "for ever since I have been here, a presentiment that something evil was about to happen has weighed me down."

The Priest started. He feared that his secret was discovered; but the look and tone of Richard, reassured him that his suspicions were unfounded.

"We shall hear soon but I doubt not that all is well," replied the Priest in an easy tone. At that moment an armed sentry opened the door of the apartment, and bowing low said:

"A messenger from England, demands to see your Majesty immediately, on most important matters."

"Conduct him hither without delay."

The heart of Father Gregory was in his throat at the words of the man, for he doubted not that the messenger had great news to relate; but he retained his seat, with his eyes bent to the floor, fearing that the King might read treason in them.

Soon the sentinel returned and with him Sir Hugh de Guilford, who had long been a true and tried friend of the King. He came forward and knelt at the feet of Richard.

"What, my good Sir Hugh? By the faith, thou art welcome. How has fared our fair island since I left?"

"Would that you had never left, your majesty, for ill has fared your cause during your absence."

"Speak! what has happened?" exclaimed the King starting to his feet, and laying his hands on the shoulder of the kneeling knight.

"Would that other lips had to speak the unwelcome words. Henry, Duke of Hereford, has landed in England at the head of a numerous army."

"Is that all? Without doubt he is now prisoner of the State awaiting my coming and by St. George, the traitor shall lose his head for thus venturing to return without my permission."

"Alas! your Majesty, it is far from that, immediately on his arrival the disaffected enlisted under his banner, and now they amount to a great army."

"But where were the Dukes of York and Northumberland?" asked Richard, almost speechless with surprise and passion.

"They have joined him with all their adherents and so have the Earls of Pembroke and Somerset. The people cry as he passes along, 'Long live the good duke of Hereford, our deliverer!'"

"And do they cry that, when their lawful King is warring for their defense?" cried the King, his face distorted with rage.

"Away, away, Sir Hugh, to our encampment and let them, every one to a man, be ready to sail to England by the morrow's sunrise. Sir Priest, hasten you to the harbor and see that the ships are ready to receive the men; and by the holy St. George, to-morrow's eve shall see us in England with 20,000 good and loyal troops. Away I say!"

With hasty steps they left the apartment to obey the royal mandate.

The next morning the fleet sailed for England. The Priest did not oppose but rather favored the proceedings for he knew that it would sooner give him into the hands of the Duke of Hereford.

Three weeks later, and we give another scene in the life of Richard, the last scene in which he personates the king of England, the last scene in his drama of royalty. Immediately on his arrival, all but six thousand of his troops deserted and joined the Duke of Hereford, and now he was about to surrender himself, agreeable to the counsel of the treacherous priest, into the hands of his rival.

On the day appointed in which he was to meet the one he styled "the unconquered rebel," which meeting was to take place at the castle of Chester, Richard went thither escorted by the Earl of Northumberland, who had been sent by the Earl of Hereford to conduct him there, in all the pomp the fallen king had been used to in the day of his prosperity.

No sooner had Hereford obtained possession of the person of the King, than he at once commenced his march toward London, which he entered triumphantly amid the plaudits of the populace who cried: "Long live the good Duke, our deliverer;" and heaped abuse on the person of the unfortunate Richard.

Not long after by the altar of the priest he was prevailed upon to sign a deed by which he renounced his crown, as being unqualified to govern the kingdom; and in a few days the Earl of Hereford was crowned king under the title of Henry IV.

Such was the fate of one of England's tyrants, who by his unjust course brought retribution upon his own head. He lived but a short time after this a close prisoner in the Tower, and then died, by the hands of an assassin, 'tis said.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
Sunset on the Bridge.

BY JUNIUS JUSTUS.

The day was bright and lovely too,
 The sun sent back his golden ray;
 And tiny cloudlets, with scarlet hue,
 Seemed lingering near the close of day.

With lightsome step, and free from care,
 Almon and I merged forth to stroll;
 To view bright scenes, and breathe pure air,
 And read great truths from nature's scroll.

O'er the Bridge we chose our way to wend,
 Where violets grew and jessamines bloom;
 And lovely flowers, their sweets to blend,
 Embalm the air with rich perfume.

When half way o'er the Bridge we rest,
 And view the placid stream below,
 We turn our eyes toward the west:
 What scene more grand could heaven bestow!

The sun's bright rays were fading fast,
 The clouds were decked with golden fringes;
 As wave chased wave in playful haste,
 Each strove to blend the brightest tinge.

Each glimmering ray stooped low to kiss
 The gently moving, rippling wave,
 Which, prancing on, in joyful bliss,
 Sipped sweeter nectar than it gave.

Drooped in rich gauze so dazzling bright,
 The joyous, laughing, placid stream,
 With beams of glowing soft sunlight,
 Entranced the mind in bright day-dream.

Such lovely scenes to please the eye,
 Were formed that we the truth might learn,
 That He who reigns supreme on high,
 In all our joys feels great concern.

Our hearts went up to Him in praise,
 And Angel bands seemed lingering nigh,
 While all sweet nature joyed to raise
 Its voice in swelling notes on high.

Why should we pine with burdensome hearts,
 And o'er life's path with sadness roam;
 While God on earth such joys imparts,
 And bids us make you heaven our home!

Washington, N. C. 1859.

HOME FINANCES.—"Lon." of the Baltimore Sun says, the financial and political aspects of matters at home is becoming quite as interesting to us of this country as the prospect of a war abroad.

It is evident, and it is limited by the commercial press of the North, that specie is rapidly disappearing of late from the South and East, and that the West is quite bare of it. Gold is going out to Europe to pay for imported goods which have not yet left the hands of the jobbers, or retailers, and not yet taken up by consumers. The time, it is a matter of fact, is soon to come when the banks will take the alarm, and a general depression must follow. The rise of breadstuffs in Europe will be no remedy for this state of things, but may add severity of bread in this country to the scarcity of money.

Silver Dollars have become exceedingly rare. A letter from San Francisco states that their coinage is soon to be commenced at the mint in that city. This is thought a matter of considerable importance, as it is hoped that the Chinese can be induced to take the American dollars instead of the Mexican, which are at a premium, and that by that means the discount on over \$5,000,000, which amount of silver is annually exported to China, may be saved to the merchants of this country.

THE TIMES

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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The Committee will accept of our thanks for an invitation to attend the annual celebration of the Hermetian Society, to be held in the college chapel, Emory and Henry, Virginia, Wednesday evening, June 8th.

We also return our thanks to a friend for an invitation to the commencement ball, University, North Carolina, Thursday evening, June 2nd.

Phrenological Lectures.

Prof. J. M. Mott, Phrenologist, has been lecturing in our town the past week upon that science. His lectures were well attended and were highly interesting. He is well versed in his profession and is remarkably correct in his examinations of character. His discussions as to the truthfulness of the science of Phrenology are full, fair and candid, and we doubt not generally conclusive even to previously sceptical minds.

Prof. Mott is quite a young man, though he is well read and quite a pleasant speaker. And in his profession we would pronounce him equal to his preceptors, Messrs. Fowler & Wells of New York.

Mecklenburg Declaration.

The Hornets' Nest Riflemen of Charlotte are making considerable preparations for the celebration on Friday, of the 84th anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Several companies—the Rowan Artillery, the Rowan Rifle Guards, and the Iredell Blues—will unite with the Hornets' Nest Riflemen. Target exercise for medals, Dinner and Ball are the principal items in the order of the day.

ADDRESSES.—Rev. J. H. Brent will preach the Annual Sermon, and Rev. R. T. Heflin will deliver the Literary Address to the students of Lenoir College at the approaching examination, 1st and 2d of June.

Rev. J. S. Long, of Wilmington, will preach the Annual Sermon, and D. N. Carter, Esq., of Washington, will deliver the Literary Address at the annual Commencement of Wayne Female College, 25th and 26th inst.

Rev. H. T. Hudson will deliver the Annual Sermon before the two Literary Societies at Olin High School, the 21st inst.

RAINS.—Like gold dollars, the gentle showers have fallen upon the farmers the past week. The excessive dryness had cast a gloom over the prospect of the crops, and provisions being already scarce, considerable apprehension was manifested in some sections. Showers at this time, however, will work wonders with the grain, tobacco and cotton crops.

OXFORD FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Annual Commencement will occur on Thursday the 28th of May.

Rev. B. Craven, President of Trinity College, will deliver the address before the Olin Society.

Rev. T. W. Brooks, late Professor of Languages in Wake Forest College, will preach the Valedictory Sermon before the Senior Class.

Rev. Alexander Gattis, of the North Carolina Conference, died of paralysis Friday, 6th inst., after living in a state of unconsciousness for over three days.

OUR STREETS are all alive this week, with the countrymen in attendance on Court and visitors in attendance on the exercises connected with the annual commencement of Greensboro Female College.

MUSIC.—Our readers will find their old friend, Dr. Hauser, again discoursing to them upon the delightful subject of Music. We need not ask their attention to these articles.

RATHER DECIDED AND PLAIN-SPOKEN.—Six abolitionists, who some time ago rescued from the U. S. authorities at Oberlin, Ohio, a fugitive slave, have been convicted, fined \$25 and imprisoned 24 hours. Not half enough of punishment, but better than none.

The cases of these persons have drawn forth a letter from Joshua R. Giddings, the old abolition member of Congress from Ohio, in which he indulges in inflammatory and treasonable language, as will be seen by the following extract:

"In disregarding this law (fugitive slave) the prisoners did right. Their error consisted in sparing the lives of the slave-catchers. Those pirates should have been delivered over to the colored men and consigned to the doom of pirates, which should have been speedily executed. You are aware that this is the doctrine which I proclaimed in Congress. I adhere to it. Had the prisoners executed the slave-catchers promptly, it would have taught the administration a lesson not soon to be forgotten. We should have been no more troubled with that class of miscreants."

SWALLOWING A PIN.—The Charlotte Democrat has the following remarkable case:

There is a lady, 70 years of age, living in this county, who swallowed a common pin when she was fifteen years of age, which lodged in her throat, and has remained to this day, without causing serious difficulty other than a little soreness after taking cold. The pin can be felt with the fingers from the external surface of the throat, and when the parts are compressed together the same sensation is produced which follows the piercing with a pin any other part of the body.

We received these facts from the husband of the lady, and there is no doubt about their correctness. The pin has been in the throat 55 years, without in the least affecting the lady's general health.

REFORM IN BALTIMORE.—The late executions in Baltimore have had a salutary effect on a class of individuals among whom a reformation was most needed. A correspondent of the Norfolk Day Book says:

"Not less than one hundred of 'Plug Uglies,' 'Ripraps,' 'Peelers,' 'Blood Tubs,' 'Screwbolts,' 'Scalp Necks,' and other hard fisted devils, who participated in and were ring-leaders of gangs of desperadoes, have recently gotten religion and joined the Methodist Church. I attended for the purpose of studying human nature, a prayer meeting held by a band of these individuals some days ago in the jail. They were headed by Joe Edwards and a notorious bully. They got up the meeting to pray with and for one of their companions named Duval, who is now in prison under sentence of death for murder. Never before did I behold such a scene. They went into praying with the same apparent energy and earnestness they formerly went into fights, all seeming honest."

SICKLES IN PURSUIT OF PEACE.—The N. Y. correspondent of the Charleston News says:

Daniel E. Sickles on dit, (who is back from Washington,) is to sail for Europe about the middle or last of June, there to spend a few months in quiet repose, and recuperate his present shattered political energies. The report that he is about to sue for a divorce, is, to employ a cant phrase, all "bosh." Daniel and Teresa will live together at some future day as though nothing had happened.

By the way, a Bible was presented to Rev. Mr. Haley, of Washington, Wednesday night, for the attention he gave Mr. Sickles while in prison. The money for its purchase was collected by Mrs. Marshall Bancroft and Mrs. Oldfield. The Presentation took place in the ladies parlor of the National Hotel. A certain Mr. Bargie acted as spokesman for the ladies, to whom Mr. Haley replied in a set speech, flattering every body, but the ladies particularly.

All the friends of Education, in the best sense of the word, are invited to "enter the lists," and thus lend their influence in behalf of a healthful and invigorating literature, along with the host of choice company to be found in the subscription book of Mr. Rood, who is again on a visit to Greensboro and vicinity.

We are prepared, from several years reading of the Eclectic, to endorse the following from Mr. Kingsbury:

An acquaintance with the pages of the "Eclectic" for several years past fully satisfies me that it is superior to all similar publications in the world. The Excellence of its typography, its beautiful, almost unique Engravings, together with its admirable selections from the ablest standard periodicals of Europe, make it a most desirable companion, and places, for an extremely moderate consideration, a small, but uncommonly select library in the possession of each individual subscriber. T. B. KINGSBURY.
Oxford N. C. April 29, 1859.

BARTLETT, N. H.,
May 5th 1859.

Messrs. Editors:—Your paper of April 30th reached me to-day, and I read with surprise and regret the editorial remarks upon the poem published in your last week's issue, in which plagiarism is hinted at, if not openly charged upon me. I have had a copy of the "Courtship of Miles Standish" among my selected books for some months, but I pledge you my word and honor as a gentleman, that, though I may have read the poem of which mine bears the "striking resemblance," previous to the time my own was composed, I had no thoughts of it at the time, and was not aware of the somewhat similarity of the poems until the appearance of your article.

I have too much at stake to risk the copying of any one's ideas, and there is too much liability of detection, even had I been inclined in copying one who ranks so high as Longfellow in the literary world.

Although I have contributed for a long time to the literature of the day, this is the first time that any editor has seen fit to rank me with the plagiarists, and I trust it will be the last.

You will greatly oblige me by giving this an immediate insertion, as the charge is too grave to remain uncontroverted.

Very truly,
A. L. MERVILLE.

ARRIVAL FROM PARAGUAY.—The U. S. steamer Southern Star, Commander Pennock, of the Paraguay Expedition, 12 days from Barbadoes, arrived in Hampton Roads near Norfolk, Va., on the morning of the 11th inst. At Barbadoes on the 26th ult., the supply of flour, corn meal and pork, was quite light. Molasses advanced weather dry, and crops suffering. Public health was improving.

BREADSTUFFS.—The war in Europe, with the demand for breadstuffs, has given an upward tendency to the breadstuffs market in New York and Baltimore. As was expected, cotton has gone down and flour and corn gone up. Corn has advanced from two to three cents in New York and Baltimore, and choice wheat is commanding from \$1.80 to \$2 per bushel in New York. Wheat has also advanced in Petersburg. On the 10th prime red was \$1.46, and prime white, \$1.75.

FIRE IN BALTIMORE: We learn that an extensive fire broke out in Baltimore Friday morning, resulting in the destruction of the extensive depot of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. Six locomotives are said to have been destroyed.

Miss Page has painted a Venus which is said to be one of the best pieces of flesh paintings, since the days of Titian, and is said to be one of the finest pictures in the world. It is valued at \$7,000.

ALBEMARLE AND CHESAPEAKE CANAL.—A boat loaded with corn arrived at Norfolk on the 7th inst.; the first arrival of freight from North Carolina by the Albemarle & Chesapeake Canal.

Carlyle says: "Experience is an excellent schoolmaster, but he does charge such high wages."

MARRIED.

In Statesville, on the 6th inst, by Rev. W. Pharr, Dr. W. M. Campbell to Miss Mary Jane Roseboro.

In Iredell county, on the 4th inst, by Rev. W. W. Pharr, Mr. Augustus Byers to Miss Mollie L. Davidson, daughter of Col. Wm. L. Davidson.

In Yorkville, S. C. on the 10th instant, Rev. R. Lathan to Miss Fannie E., daughter of Dr. A. I. Barron.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week \$1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square, \$ 5.00	\$ 8.00	\$12.00	
Two squares, 9.00	15.00	22.00	
Three " 12.00	20.00	30.00	
Half column 15.00	25.00	38.00	
One column 35.00	50.00	60.00	

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum, \$5.00.

FOR SALE BY FISHER & FOARD.

Grocers and Commission Merchants, NEWBORN, N. C.

9000 lbs N. C. Bacon,
85 bbls N. Y. Mess Pork,
10 tons Peruvian Guano,
5 do Phosphate Peruvian Guano,
5 do California Guano,
100 bbls No. 1 Land Plaster,
100 do Hyd. Cement,
550 Sacks G. A. Salt,
300 bbls Alexandria Lime,
2000 Flour Bags,
2000 Grain Bags,
75 bbls N. O. and Muscov. Molasses.
20 1/2 bbls N. O. Molasses—very prime.
65 bbls Refined N. O. and W. I. Sugars.
65 Bags Java, Rio, Mar. and Laguyra Coffee.
25 bbls Ocean Mess Shad,
20 do do Blue Fish,
40 do N. C. Gross and Roe Herring,
No. 1 Mackerel and Salmon in bbls,
1/2 bbls, 1/4 bbls and 1/8 bbls,
Soda, Sugar, and Butter Crackers at 20—2m Bakers' cash prices.

MASONIC.

Notice is hereby given that the regular Annual Election for Officers of Greensborough Lodge, No. 76, will be held on Saturday, June 4th, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

\$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.

THE QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or unravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsyth, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL.

High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.
Rev. N. McRAY, Principal, with efficient assistants.

The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural Sciences, with L. S. Burbank, A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russell, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College. High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution of the character in the State. Board, and furnished rooms with fire-places, fuel, &c., \$6 per month. English Branches \$6 to \$15 per session. Languages and ornamentals low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The proprietor, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table.

30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for Tuition until they can teach and pay it. Situations guaranteed to such. For full information, address,
REV. WM. I. LANGDON, Proprietor.
Jan. 20, '59. High Point, N. C.

NOTICE.—Having retired from the Watch and Jewelry Business in Greensboro N. C. on account of ill health; I recommend to my customers Mr. G. L. MEENLEY, (Formerly of Messrs T. B. Humphreys & Son, of Richmond Va.) who is a good workman, hoping he may get the Patronage of my friends and Customers in general.
(13-4f) E. F. POWELL.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

HAVING LEASED THE STORE formerly occupied by Messrs. Gilmer & Hendrix, opposite the "Brittain House," I am now receiving and opening the largest Stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in this section of country.

My stock consists of Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Childrens Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price—to an examination of which I invite the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country.

I buy all my goods from the Manufacturers—get nothing second-hand—and those, therefore, who buy of me do not have to pay a second profit, as is the case with those who buy of the New York and Philadelphia Jobbers.—Besides I intend doing an EXCLUSIVELY CASH business, which will enable me to sell lower than any one who does a credit business.

Be sure and call at the Boot and Shoe store, J. B. F. BOONE.
May, 1859. (41) C. M. RAY, Agent.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, May 18.
Reported expressly for the Times

Bacon 12 1/2 @ 13; Beef 4 @ 5; Beeswax 20;
Butter 15 @; Coffee 14 @ 16; Candles, Tallow 20 @ 25; Adamantine 28 @ 33; Spermac 55 @ 60;
Corn 80 @ 90; Meal 80 @ 90; Chickens 10 @ 15; Eggs 6 @ 8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00 @ 6.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50 @ 60; Lard 12 1/2 @ 15; Molasses 40 @ 50; Nails 6 @ 7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 75 @ 80; white 75 @ 1.00; Pork 8.00 @ 8.50; Rags 2 1/2 @; Rice 8 @ 10; Salt 2.25 @ 2.50; Sugar, Brown 10 @ 12 1/2; loaf 16 1/2; crushed 16 1/2; clarified 15; Tallow 12 1/2 @ 15; Wheat 80 @ 1.00; Wool 25 @ 30.

NORFOLK MARKET, May 18th.
Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.
Flour, Family \$7.75; Flaxseed, 1.35;
Extra, 1.25; Beeswax, 20;
Superfine, 6.25; Dried Apple, 2 1/2; of
Corn, Mixed, W. 83 @ 84;
Yellow, 86 @ 87; " Peaches, 40 @ 50;
Wheat, White 135 @ 140; " do, 130 @ 135;
Red, 130 @ 135; Bacon, W. sh'd 8 @ 8 1/2;
Cotton, 11 @ 12 1/2; do, Sides 10 @ 10 1/2;
Pork, Black Eye 1.25; N. C. a Va. Hog
Red & Black 85 @ 90; round, 10;
Lard, N. C. a V. no. 1 13 1/2; Staves, R. O. hhd 28 @ 29;
do do 2. 15; W. O. pipe, 50;
Fish, Mackerel 1.12 @ 1.50; do hhd 40;
do No 2 1.10 @ 1.20; do bbl, 28;
do 3. 10 @ 10 1/2.

RICHMOND MARKET.—May 18. 1859.
Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Bacon, Shoulders, 8 @ 8 1/2; Corn, in demand 90 @ 95;
Sides, 10 @ 11; Cotton, 12 @ 13;
Hams, 12 @ 13; Cotton Yarns, 23 @ 25;
Coffee, Rio, 13 @ 14; Flour, \$7.50;
Java, 15 @ 18; Guano, Peruvian, 18 @ 20;
Mocha, 18 @ 20; Elide, 18 @ 20;
Molasses, Cuba, 28 @ 30; Tobacco, Jags, 3 @ 4;
Syrup, 28 @ 30; Tobacco, Leaf, 6 @ 7;
N. O., 40 @ 45; Good, 6 @ 7;
Wheat, White, 175 @ 185; Leaf, 6 @ 7;
Red, 1.55 @ 1.65; Good and fine, 9 @ 10.

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105-4f.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-1y.

J. W. EVANS,
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE
and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,
Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.
Will attend to any business entrusted to his care.
111-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y.

D. W. ELLIOTT,
PAINTER,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendence for Churches, Public and Private Buildings &c., &c.

He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State.

New Baptist Church Committee, Chapel Hill, University Building Committee, Chapel Hill, New Court House Committee, Yanceyville, Caswell County.

R. S. TUCKER, Raleigh
W. M. BOYLAN, do
W. C. HARRISON, do
W. S. Battle Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, and others.

All Letters on Business addressed Box 106 Raleigh, N. C. promptly attended to. 10-51

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,

Commission Merchants, Norfolk, Va. ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Rufin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.

Authorized agents for the Times, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6-1y

NOTICE TO PHYSICIANS.

A PHYSICIAN'S SITUATION is for SALE with real estate, in a pleasant village, among the mountains of Va. The purchaser will be introduced to a practice which pays from \$2,000 to \$2,500 a year and constantly increasing. Good Society and good Schools. An excellent location for a regular Physician. Enquire of the Editor of this paper. 15-4f

W. E. have just printed, on a very good article of Fold's Cap, general assortment of Blank Warrants, Ca Sa Bonds, Affidavits, White, Executions, Lead books, Juror Tickets, Bonds of Trust, Witness Tickets, Ac. &c. Or will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired. C. F. For Jobs or Blanks, address or call on COLE & ALBRIGHT.

HOLTON'S OINTMENT.

An Infallible Remedy, For Bone Felons, For the cure of burns, riles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

The Foreign Details.

We find some few additional items, which, if not very important, may, at least, prove interesting.

Perhaps the most important item is that which announces the conclusion of a convention or treaty between France and Russia, with the terms of that convention. If these terms are correctly reported, then England is aimed at as well as Austria, else there would be no meaning in the first provision, by which, in the event of war with Austria, Russia binds herself to assist Austria with her fleets in the Baltic and Mediterranean, and to place an army of "observation," consisting of fifty thousand men, on the Austrian frontier. Of course, since Austria has virtually no fleet, and France has a large one, the Russian co-operation can only be designed to hold England in check. It is even said that the French and Russian governments have recently been procuring large supplies of charts of the English coasts and of the English stations in the Mediterranean. It is even said, that Spain will throw herself into the arms of France.

The fact that revolutions have taken place in Tuscany, and perhaps Parma and Modena, shows the state of feeling existing throughout Italy. Perhaps the following extract sets forth as plainly as anything we have seen, the ostensible

CAUSE OF THE WAR.—Austria claims that she rightly owns and controls Lombardy and Venice; that she has a right to control them as she sees fit; that in order to do this she must maintain with the several neighboring Italian States such an influence as will render her Lombardo-Venetian sovereignty safe. Therefore, she keeps up a partial military occupancy of the central Italian States, and virtually rules in all Italy. Sardinia is the only large Italian province which is an exception. There Austria has no power, and the polity of Sardinia, which is favorable to the establishment of constitutional governments in Italy, is hostile to that of Austria, which tends to the maintenance of the strictest military despotism. Sardinia, and France sympathizing with her, on the contrary claim that the Austrian occupation of Italy is injurious in its effects on the Italian States, prevents the development of that country, and is virtually in violation of the treaties and compacts of 1815. They demand the abandonment of the Austrian occupation of Italy and the Sardinian frontier, and that Austria shall cease to exercise any more control in Italian affairs than the other great powers. These demands Austria refuses to comply with alleging that her policy in Italy is necessary to her own protection in her own dependencies of Venice and Lombardy. These matters have been in controversy for three years. France and Sardinia proposed in 1856 the consideration of this subject by the Congress of the European powers. Austria would not consent to this. Diplomatic negotiations were carried on, however, between France and Austria, but the difference has grown wider and wider the longer the discussion has continued, until now they propose to settle the whole affair by a resort to arms.

The King of Sardinia has issued a proclamation in which he announces as his object "Independence to Italy." This will bring to his banner the people of most of the Italian States, and perhaps compel the Sovereigns.

The Ticino, about which much has been said, and which the Austrians have threatened to cross, is a river of 126 miles long, which rises on the South declivity of Mount Gothard, traverses Lake Maggiore, forms the boundary between Austria, Italy and Piedmont, and falls into the Po near Pavia. It takes its name from the little Swiss Canton of Ticino in which it rises.

Novara is a city of Piedmont, not far from the frontiers of the Austrian territory, being distant only 27 miles from Milan, the capital of Lombardy. Its population is about eighteen thousand. On the plains before this city was fought, about ten years since, the decisive battle which laid Sardinia prostrate at the feet of Austria and compelled the abdication of Charles Albert.

Alessandria is a city of Piedmont, 563 miles E. S. E. of Turin, on the railroad from Turin to Genoa. It is the only strong place in Piedmont, around which a stand could be made against an invading army of superior force, and is, therefore, frequently referred to in the despatches of the European news. Two miles southeast of Alessandria is the plain of Marengo, celebrated for the great victory obtained by the French over the Austrians, on the 14th June, 1800.

These things gathered from the Gazetteer and Map, may not be easily accessible to all, but may possibly assist in giving a better understanding of the reported movements.

LATER NEWS.

The London papers of April 30 are divided in opinion as to the Austrians having crossed the River Ticino, but the London Times reiterates its former statement, also saying that the Austrian ad-

vanced posts crossed on the 26th of April, and took position in the enemy's territory, and that the main body crossed on the 29th. Austria appears determined to strike a blow before the French reach that point. The London Post says there is some chance of mediation, as Louis Napoleon is seriously considering England's last proposition. Speaking of the treaty between France and Russia, the Times says, if these powers attack Austria on German soil, it behooves England to consider whether it will be better for her to defend herself on the Continent or at her own homestead, as the existence of a great Germanic power is necessary for her safety. Every precaution has been taken to prevent the Austrians from reaching Turin, by overflowing the country and rendering the roads impassable. The report that Tuscany has joined the allies is confirmed. Her army numbers fifteen thousand men, stationed in Modena and Parma. The report is also confirmed that the English Channel fleet have been ordered to return home from the Mediterranean. It is stated that France and Russia have been procuring, lately, large supplies of charts and surveys of the English coast and the different Mediterranean stations. It is surmised, too, that Spain may join the allies. She is considerably augmenting her naval force with new ships and gunboats, and has ordered large numbers of English charts. The French army of the Alps have met with serious obstructions at Mount Cenis, and four thousand men are engaged in clearing the roads from snow. France has been completely taken by surprise with the rapidity of Austria's movements. She thought that the war would be commenced leisurely, and in consequence the French troops arriving at Genoa are badly provided and unprepared for an immediate campaign. The Emperor has received intelligence of an outbreak in Algeria, which will probably require the return of the troops lately taken from that Province and sent to Italy. A system of police, similar to that in force under Napoleon I, is about to be re-instituted in Paris. Over fifty stock brokers had failed in London in consequence of the panic. Some of these failures are very important. A large operator at the Liverpool Exchange, named Roberts, has been declared a defaulter to the amount of three to five hundred thousand pounds.

LATEST! ACTUAL WAR!

NEW YORK, May 16th.—The Steamship Weser arrived here last night with Liverpool dates to the 3rd inst. Her news is exciting.

A great many failures had occurred on the London Stock Exchange. Expected that the impoverishment and ruin at the Paris Bourse this week will be beyond example.

The declaration of war was expected to appear in the Monitor on the 3d. Turkey is preparing for war.

England is preparing for war and offers ten pound bounty for seamen.

France had refused the last proposition of England. The passage of the Ticino is confirmed. A sharp action took place on the (28th) at the bridge of Buffalora. The Austrians, after considerable loss, carried the bridge at the point of the bayonet. It is reported that the city of Mortara has also been taken.

The Sardinians retreated in the direction of Lake Maggiore. The Austrians are concentrating immense masses of troops in the neighborhood of Piacenza. The telegraph to Switzerland has been cut by the Austrians. The Austrians had seized the Sardinian vessels on Lake Maggiore. Austria asks for a loan of twenty millions of pounds. The National Bank issues notes for two-thirds of the amount. Prussia's reserve corps d'armee to be put in readiness to march. Napoleon was to join the army on the 3d inst.

WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.—From Ex-Alderman Perkins. Boston, Feb. 3, 1859. Dr. W. S. Fowler, Dear Sir.—For several days I had been suffering from the effects of a severe cold, accompanied by a very sore throat and sick headache, which completely incapacitated me for business. I had taken but a small portion of a single bottle of this Balm, when I experienced immediate relief. My cough was broken up at once, and my lungs entirely relieved from the pressure which had become so painful. I attribute this good effect to your Wild Cherry, as I took no other medicine whatever. I cordially recommend it to all my friends. Respectfully yours, Samuel S. Perkins. None genuine unless signed I. Butts on the wrapper.

1500,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!! WANTED BY THE FOREST MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds good Cotton and Linen RAGS. For particulars address Dr. W. S. MILLER, Sup't., Forestville, Wake county, N. C. March, 1859. 12:30m.

LIQUORS!—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider-Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK. Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

Business Cards.

NEW FIRM. PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to T. J. Patrick, Wholesale and Retail DRUGGISTS, Greensboro, N. C. [4-17]

MARBLE WORKS By GEORGE HEINRICH, Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C. Orders from a distance promptly filled. February, 1859. 110:1y

WASHINGTON HOTEL. Change of Proprietors. Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms. His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The Washington Hotel has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals. Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES, January 1st.-1y.

VISITING CARDS. R. G. STAPLES, CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for \$1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, \$2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

LOOK AT THIS. R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE. Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorell, second story Garret's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39-1y.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.—Porter & Gorrell, Successors to T. J. Patrick, wholesale and retail druggists, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call.

Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS. Special attention will be given to orders.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE.—GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA. FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

S. Lander, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Mrs. Lucy Jones, Miss Bettie Carter, Miss E. R. Morris, Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss L. C. Van Vleet, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Pattie Cole.

Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Miss M. Jeffreys. } Assistants in Literary Department. } Assistants in Music. } Boarding Department.

S. Lander, Treasurer of the College.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks. Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) \$50; Tuition, \$20; Incidental Tax, \$1; French, \$10; Latin or Greek, \$5; Oil Painting, \$20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, \$22.50; Music on Guitar, \$21; Graduation Fee \$5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the third Thursday in May.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

Patrons arriving in Greensboro would do well to come immediately from the depot to the College.

For further information apply to the President. (11-1y)

Good Times Come at Last.

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING has been received by the undersigned.

Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols, Portmanteaux, Knives, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gent's large furnishing Store.

These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition.

Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied. S. ARCHER & CO. Spring, 1859.

Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

HIDES! HIDES!! Cost paid for Hides at BOONE'S Boot and Shoe Store.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, awarded to C. Meyer, for his two PIANOS, London, October 16th, 1851.



C. Meyer respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has constantly on hand Pianos, equal to those for which he received the Prize Medal in London, in 1851.

All orders promptly attended to and great care taken in the selection and packing the same. He has received, during the last fifteen years, more Medals than any other maker, from the Franklin Institute—also, First Premiums in Boston, New York and Baltimore.

Warehouses, No. 772 ARCH street, below Eighth, South side, Philadelphia. 2-6m; eow

COMMON SCHOOLS OF GUILFORD.

No. Dist. COMMITTEES for 1859.

- 1 M Summers, Z Christman, A Huffines.
- 2 L Cobb, P Huffines, Simeon Waggoner.
- 3 Joshua Dooan, A Summers, Wm. Cobb.
- 4 Nicholas Albright, J Clapp, John Low.
- 5 Peter Fogleman, Levi May, H Shaffer.
- 6 T Stafford, William Armick, Andrew Smith.
- 7 A Maxwell Wm. Green, John M Wright.
- 8 J C Rankin, J Pritchett, Elias Melvin.
- 9 P Rankin, P Denny, James McLean.
- 10 A T Finley, Smith Heath, D C Walker.
- 11 J W Gilmer, S W Phipps, Robert Shaw.
- 12 Ervin Hanner, C F Minnet, Paul Coble.
- 13 John W Parker, Spencer G Bevil, L Lewis.
- 14 D Wyrick, L McClintock, J Gilchrist.
- 15 John C Wharton, M Ward, T Buchanan.
- 16 Wesley Coo, H Shapp, Jesse B Homes.
- 17 John Hackett, M Ward, Gen Alexander.
- 18 C Dicks, David Macy, Milton Fentress.
- 19 Thos E Moore, A Tatum, John Pearson.
- 20 Othel McMichie, Wm Colston, Wm Ponton.
- 21 Daniel Albright, C White, Lem Smith.
- 22 E Armfield, Wm Patterson, John McNight.
- 23 Wm Hodson, James Davis, W L Kirkman.
- 24 W Kirkman, L Coltrain, Anderson Murphy.
- 25 Isaac Oaks, Robert Gourley, John Gourley.
- 26 Caleb Rayl, J Highfield, Thomas Wilson.
- 27 Uriah Macy, W M Cummins, C Smith.
- 28 Jefferson Jones, S C Sapp, T F Merritt.
- 29 Jesse Wheeler, J S Armfield, L S Reese.
- 30 R F Parson, B F Wiley, W C Davis.
- 31 N R Morgan, H J Pegram, J B Dwiggins.
- 32 Hugh Lowry, F Thompson, M Sanders.
- 33 R Staully, L Starbuck, Samuel Sechrist.
- 34 C J Wheeler, Elias Thornton, J A Davis.
- 35 P N Wheeler, W T Horney, E Bunley.
- 36 J S Hedgecock, W L English, J B Newton.
- 37 J A Hoskins, S A Powell, Levi Stephens.
- 38 James F Jolie, A Weatherly, C G Yates.
- 39 A Rankin, M Rankin, Noble Crier.
- 40 S Warren, John Harvey, John Wright.
- 41 Jesse Smith, T Dick, Dr. Jos A McLean.
- 42 R M Stafford, T Trublood, J F McGrady.
- 43 Frederick Cable, S Sharp, Jacob Clapp.
- 44 W P Wharton, D Schofield, W Hine.
- 45 J B Houston, D M Kirkman, L S Kirkman.
- 46 J Coffin, Thomas Turner, O Anthony.
- 47 V R Hackett, V B Donnell, L Hackett.
- 48 John Russell, Wm Walker, H Kirkman.
- 49 D Foust, Joshua Clapp, J Foust.
- 50 J W Patterson, A A Wheeler, B Y Thornton.
- 51 Solomon Grason, J Clapp, T G Wharton.
- 52 J Blaylock, Stephen Hunt, B M Idol.
- 53 A Stanley, J H Johnson, L Holton.
- 54 J L Hayworth, Eli Hayworth, J Reynolds.
- 55 C V Hamlin, C McCulloch, J F Kernutt.
- 56 J E Gamble, James Freeman, J N Mills.
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- 59 J E Shaw, George Thompson, Alfred Jones.
- 60 Henry Cobb, G W Wharton, A Mikel.
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- 62 B F Parr, E N Kersey, John Ricks.
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- 64 G W Charles, A Raper, E E Mendenhall.
- 65 Robert Thom, Frank Hughes, J Tarpley.
- 66 H Bunley, Henry C Lamb, Uriah Lamb.
- 67 B R Field, J Cobb, B Field.
- 68 A Curtis, E G Brothers, Joab Neese.
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- 70 Meban Q Apple, A T Brown, W Burch.
- 71 J A Houston, Dr. T J Patrick, H C Worth.
- 72 D Coble, Eli Ingold, William Hudson.
- 73 J Welch, John M Bolling, Wm Russell.
- 74 M B Weatherly, J Smith, J T Wright.
- 75 John F Holt, J McLee, Benton Tatum.
- 76 Wm A Paisley, R Steward, J Parsley.
- 77 Daniel Wilson, W Gooley, Reuben Jones.
- 78 Z Pritchett, John McClintock, C H Parker.
- 79 M Harries, S W Fulton, James Baine.

The several Committees are notified to return forthwith to the Chairman, the Registers in their hands.

NATHAN HIATT, Chm'r. L. SWAIN, Clerk. 13-1w.

"THE DELTA!"

WHAT IS IT? WHERE IS IT? The Cheapest Daily in the State.

Published at Newbern N. C. THE "DAILY DELTA" ONLY \$5.

"THE DELTA" IS PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED.

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Advertisements for the DAILY inserted Gratuitously in the Weekly.

THE DAILY DELTA ONLY \$5.

THE DAILY DELTA ONLY \$5.

WILLIAM BENJ. SMITH, Editor.

Address, J. H. MUSE, Proprietor.

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!! I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

2	inch	3 ply	12 1/2	cts.	per foot.
2 1/2	"	"	15	"	"
3	"	"	17	"	"
4	"	"	22	"	"
5	"	"	27	"	"
6	"	"	32	"	"
7	"	"	38	"	"
8	"	"	42	"	"
10	"	"	60	"	"
12	"	"	72	"	"

J. D. F. BOONE.

DR. BAAKEE



TREATS ALL DISEASES.

DR. BAAKEE will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DOCTOR BAAKEE is one of the most celebrated and skillful Physician and Surgeon now living; his fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters containing ten cents directed to DOCTOR BAAKEE asking any questions pertaining to any disease shall be promptly answered, and all Chronic diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.

Office, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. DR. BAAKEE. Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md. 1-1y.

PROSPECTUS OF THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teachers and other friends of education—

TERMS (Invariably in Advance) FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum.

Additional copies at the same rate. Single copy.....\$2.00 All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.

Journal and Times.....\$3 The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year; The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page; And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

All communications should be addressed to J. D. CAMPBELL Resident Editor, Greensboro, N. C.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured?

Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS, Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

LOOK AT THIS! WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR stock of Spring and Summer Goods.

Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Children's fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles.

We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Lagaira and Rio Coffee; Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, Oils &c., &c.

We are determined to sell for Cash or on Short Time to punctual dealers, as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere.

COLE & AMIS, West Market Street, Greensboro, N. C.

20,000 PRINTING CARDS. With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER.
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

GREAT THOUGHTS IN SMALL WORDS.

Dear Children.—We are told that Davey Crockett once remarked to that great man, Daniel Webster, "I always like to read your speeches, Mr. Webster, because you don't use any dictionary words." It is said Mr. Webster considered this one of the highest compliments ever paid him.

It does not always require large words to utter great truths as you will see by reading the following:

Extract of a discourse for Children in Words of one Syllable.

BY REV. F. A. SOULE.

"He that hath the Son, hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life." 1 John v. 12.

My Young Friends.—These words of God came from the pen of St. John. And though no one word of text is long, still a grand truth is set forth, of which I shall speak to you at this time. But my speech must be, like the text, great thoughts in small words. And as I hope to do you good to-night let me say to you, as Christ once said to some of the Jews, "He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear." The words I shall now speak are such as you all know, and use from day to day. Fix your minds, then, on the great truths I have to set forth, and let them rest with weight on your hearts.

While in youth you can, if you will, learn much of the word of God. This, my young friends, you are bound to do; for in the prime of life the law of God is to be your rule to walk by, and in your old age his grace is to be your ground of hope. Through long years to come you must act a good or bad part on the stage of life, if you are not cut down by the hand of death. Your age will place you by the side of men ere long; and if you do not choose a right course of life, and strive hard to walk in it, you will find your path full of thorns, and great gloom will hang o'er your graves as you lie down in them. Choose, then, the straight way—the best path for your feet—and walk in it all through your lives; for the deeds of your youth will cling to you in all time, and fix your last state in the hour of death. This thought, I know, will check your mirth. And why should it not? I know

"You are to live when stars are dead,
Though now so bright they shine;
When earth and all it holds are fled,
The bliss of life is thine."

Then store your minds with those great truths we find in the word of God, while you are young and small. See to it, that your hearts are full of that rich grace we draw from the fount of God; and see to it too, in days to come, that the good seed sown in the bright dawn of your lives, be made to grow with your growth. In this way you can have large minds and good hearts, when you take your stand on the stage to act your part, to face the wise, the great, and the good, and the bad, of all ranks and grades to brave life's cold storms, and to feel its grief and woes. Is not this the right course for you to take? And will not God's word and grace lead you in it? Has he not said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not go out of it?"

Will you hear, then, what I have to say on this text? It tells us that if we have the Son of God, we have life; if not, there is no life in us. Now, as you know whom St. John means by the Son of God, I shall show you what, I think, it is to have him so as to have life.

The "Son of God!" What thoughts that burn do these few words call up in the good man's mind! What a thrill of joy they send through the soul of the pure in heart! By these the saints are made strong in the

Lord, bold in their work of faith, and full of life and hope in the hour of death. Then,

"Teach us, O thou Son of God,
How to live and how to die."

YOU ARE TO HAVE HIM FOR YOUR GOD.

The Son is the "Word" that was "made flesh," and dwelt in it on earth, up to that dark hour in which he died on the cross to save us from sin and the curse of the law. And that "Word" was God,—the "true God"—the "great God"—the "first and the last." "In him was life;" for "by him are all things," and "for him are all things." Of old he made the worlds; and all things are to do his will. The book of God is full of such words and truths as these. Some doubt these things, I know; but will their doubts change this great truth, and make God's word a lie? By no means. The wise and the good of all lands and of all times have had faith in him as their God, and those who knew him best spake to him, and of him, as their Lord and their God.

I HAVE LOST MY WAY.—Men lose their way to God and heaven, and are scarcely conscious of the loss; but true penitents feel like children who have wandered from a happy home, and long to return to its quiet peace and happiness. One of our exchanges tells a touching incident with a good moral:

"I have lost my way," a little girl said to me this morning. She had wandered too far from her father's house. "I want to go home," the child said, and her tears fell thick and fast upon her little hands. I led the little lost one home; and it was sweet to witness the rejoicing of the parents over the restored lamb.

I have lost my way, I repeated sadly to myself, in these deep labyrinths of life; my feet wander in strange paths; the fruit which I had so fondly coveted, like the apples of Sodom, turned to ashes on my lips: memories of my glad, playful childhood, come sweeping over my soul; I have left my Father's house, and I, too, want to go home.

God has made the parent a type of His own infinite love; and if an earthly father can say, "It was meet that we should be merry and be glad, for this my son was dead, and is alive again, and was lost, and is found," how much more will our heavenly Father welcome the wanderer's return to His protecting love! The sweetest tears shed are those of penitence.—Some of the noblest steps trod are those which return from wanderings. A greater than a father's love waits to embrace the prodigal.

UNITED STATES STEAM FRIGATE MISSISSIPPI—HONG KONG, Feb. 13, 1859.—The most important news I have to communicate to you—that is, it is good news to me—is, that we are homeward bound. We leave this port this morning for home by way of Japan and Cape Horn. The Commodore has ordered us to proceed to Kanton, in Jeddo bay, forthwith, and on arriving here we will make all proper arrangements for receiving on board the first Japanese ambassador that ever visited the United States, together with his suite consisting of fourteen individuals, who, I presume, will create quite a sensation when they land in New York, with their odd dresses and swords. The frigate *Powhatan* will follow us in a few days, for the purpose of bringing us a supply of coal to make up the deficiency on the passage from this port to the bay of Jeddo. We shall then proceed with our guests to Honolulu, San Francisco and Panama, where Lieutenant Habscham, of the *Powhatan* who goes in this ship for that purpose, will take charge of and conduct them to the city of Washington. My own impression is, that in less than four months a Japanese minister and suite will be making their salaam before the President at the White House. I have this from the best authority. If they meet with one half the attentions (?), fuss and feathers, etc., that greeted the great (?) Hungarian a few years back, they will be forcibly struck with the difference between the quiet dignity of their own country and the boisterous and hearty welcome of the Western World.

DR. GOULD.—A correspondent of the New York Post says: "Dr. Gould, late Director of the Albany Observatory, has moved back to Cambridge, Mass., where he is attending to his duties in connection with the coast survey. The Doctor's last pamphlet has completely vindicated the propriety of his course in Albany, and fixed, beyond cavil, the responsibility of the disgraceful failure of the Observatory to answer the public expectations, upon his enemies. It has not been answered, and, in my judgment, is unanswerable."

Charlotte & S. C. Railroad Stock (50 shares) sold in Charleston last week at \$72.25 per share.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is stored in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the merchant, the farmer, and the house keeper.

PAINT WITH SINGULAR PRESERVATIVE QUALITIES.—By subjecting eight parts, by weight, of linseed oil, and one part of sulphur, to a temperature of two hundred and ninety-eight degrees, in an iron vessel, a species of paint possessing singular preservative qualities, is produced. Applied to the surface of a building, with a brush, it effectually keeps out air and moisture, prevents deposits of soot and dirt, and preserves the beauty of the stone, wood, or brick-work to which it is applied.

TO PREVENT MOULD IN BOOKS.—A few drops of oil of lavender will save a library from mould.

BLACK TOPS—SIMPLE RECIPE.—Halve and core some large apples, lay them in a shallow pan, and sift white sugar over them. Bake them until tender, make a sauce of one glass of wine to one glass of water, boiled, sweeten to taste.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—It so happened that a piece of camphor was laid in a draw containing sugar, which was infested by ants. On opening it, a few days afterwards the bottom of the drawer was strewn with ants. The experiment was repeated with success.

CHEAP SPONGE CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of flour, one cup of sugar, one spoonful of sweet milk, half a spoonful of soda, one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar, and a little salt; grate in some rind of lemon and add part of the juice and a tea-spoonful of butter. Bake fifteen minutes.

FOR BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Take a convenient sized jar or dish that will hold more than is wanted for a meal, and mix at night with sour milk, letting them stand until morning; leave a little for seed, and afterwards use sweet milk; add saleratus the last moment before frying. In all cases where saleratus is used, I think it is much better to defer putting it in as long as possible before cooking.

A TURKEY BOILED AND THEN BAKED.—Prepare the turkey just as if for baking; then put in a kettle, covering it with water, and closing it with a lid. Boil until quite tender. Then take it out and brown it in an oven for a few minutes. When put upon the table it will be found very tender and juicy, instead of dry and tough.

TO ROAST A TURKEY.—See that the crop, windpipe, etc., is all out; put the turkey in a large pan of warm water, wash it inside and out, clean; pick out all the feathers; pour some hot water in the body of the turkey, to heat it well; wipe it dry inside and out; then fill the body and breast of the turkey with stuffing, and sew it up, rub it all over with fine salt; tie the legs and wings down close. Put it to roast with a moderate fire, in about half an hour take it out and rub it all over with butter, and dust on the flour; do this three or four times while roasting, which will make it look nice and brown, and pour the gravy each time into a bowl; that will keep it from burning. For a turkey of about ten pounds, roast about three hours. Take up the turkey and pour the gravy into the pan, dust in some flour, and let it boil and stir it till it thickens. N.B.—All kinds of poultry can be roasted in this way, only varying the time according to the size.

WHAT SAY THE WEATHER-WISE?—We are not among those who devote any time to the study of the barometer.—Whether the mercury in a Barometer is high or low, we give in to the old adage. "All signs fail in dry weather." Nor do we believe in the moon or its "quarters," from "new" to "full," or from first to last, looked to as an index to the weather whatever. And as to sowing seeds, as they are not planted in the moon, but in the earth, we are not of those who believe that the moon exerts any influence on their growth.

But we incline to the opinion of Dr. Lardner, that an average amount of rain falls in each year; and, consequently, when the Winter and Spring are very wet, the Summer and Fall are apt to be dry. Our prediction is a dry Summer and Fall.—*Knoxville Whig*.

BEETS, PARSNIPS AND CARROTS must be thinned out, so they stand at least ten inches apart. To insure fine vegetables, stir the earth between deeply. Salsify needs thinning to only eight inches.—Watch carefully the crops which allow of successions; make frequent sowings; better have too much than not enough.

STRAWBERRIES.—Attend closely to their wants. Place pine straw or some similar material between and around the plants, to prevent the fruit getting dirty; discontinue the liquid manure as soon as the fruit commences to change color.

What prize will the winner first receive? A sur price.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the grove its shade, the other yields the durable beam; and both meeting make the best fire.

DREAM OF A QUAKER LADY.—There is a beautiful story, told of a pious old Quaker lady, who was addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged in the habit until it had increased so upon her, that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up in the bed for this purpose during the night. After one of these entertainments she fell asleep, and dreamed she died and approached Heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared but replied on returning, that he could not find it.

"Oh," said she, "do look again; it must be there."

He examined again; but returned with a sorrowful face, saying it was not there. "Oh," said she in agony, "it must be there! Do look once more!"

The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence, he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed—

"We have found it! but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it."

The good old woman upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

A wagish chap, whose vixen wife, by drowning, lost her precious life, called out his neighbors, all around, and told 'em that his spouse was drowned; and, in spite of search, could not be found.—He knew, he said, the very nook where she had tumbled in the brook, and he had dragged along the shore, above the place, a mile or more. "Above the place!" the people cried, "why, what d'ye mean?" The man replied: "Of course you don't suppose I'd go and waste the time to look below! I've known the woman quite a spell, and learnt her fashions to be well; alive or dead, she'd go, I s'wore, against the current anyhow!"

In Cincinnati, an Irishman became angry at a darkey, and broke seven or eight bricks upon his head without doing him the least injury. The negro, perfectly cool during the operation, exclaimed: "Struck away, whiteman—dis chile don't mind dem pebbles no how! yah! yah!"

"How dreadful that cigar smells!" exclaimed Cushing to a companion; "why, it's an awful smelling thing." "Oh, no, it's not the cigar that smells," was the reply. "What is it then?" inquired Cushing. "Why, it's your nose that smells, of course—that's what noses were made for."

An old woman (need we say from what country?) met in the street a friend whom she had not seen for a long time. "Oh, my friend!" she cried, "how long is it since I have seen you? Was it you or your sister that died some months ago? I saw it in the paper." "It was my sister," replied simplicity. "We were both sick. She died; but I was the worst."

A country newspaper thus describes the effects of a hurricane: "It shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismantled churches, laid villages waste, and overturned a haystack!"

A man came into a printing office to beg a paper. "Because," said he, "we like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one."

A perfumer should make a good editor, because he is accustomed to making "elegant extracts."

An old bachelor's definition of love: "A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a great deal of lying."

The first step toward love is, to play with a cousin.

Do you mean to insult me, sir, by calling your dog by my name? "Oh, no, sir, not at all; I only meant to insult the dog."

An exchange infers that Dryden wasn't opposed to mint juleps, from a remark he once made: "Straws may be made the instruments of happiness."

In Marion county, Illinois, a young lady offered the following toast: "The young men of America: Their arms our support—our arms their reward."

Why is a young lady's heart like a bottle of Champagne? Because it intoxicates the gentlemen with is exhilarating effects.

Why is Mr. Van Buren's defence of Mr. Forrest like a man defending himself with candles?

He had only weak (wick) points to offer.

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS**, 46
Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street,
New-York, Geo. H. Seelye,
Nov., '58. Wm. A. Scott,
2-ly.

BOOK-BINDER.
At the old STAR OFFICE, (opposite the
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH),
RALEIGH, N. C.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals of all kinds, in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms.
Address J. J. CHAPLIN,
Raleigh, N. C.
January 1-4-1.

BOOKS! BOOKS!
THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered at a **Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**
All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle.
JAMES W. DOAK,
Surviving Partner.
(115-1-1)
March 22, 1858.

DICKENSON & COLE,
Commission & Forwarding Merchants,
Shoekoe Slip, 2d door from Cary street,
RICHMOND, VA.
SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS OF
Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, and other
Produce.
JOHN DICKENSON, ISAAC N. COLE,
of Petersburg, of Halifax.
January 1, 1859. (6m)

FLAND & KIRKPATRICK,
Having opened a **GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING STORE**, will keep on hand or make to order, all kinds of Gentlemen's Clothing. Their Spring Stock embraces Coats, Pants, Vests, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c., which they will sell cheap for CASH. Gentlemen wishing fine clothing should call on them first, as they sell no half finished work. Having some very fine cloth and casimere, and workmen of the first order, they feel confident they can please the most fastidious. They also have the agency for the sale of **Barthol's Sewing Machines**, one of the best now in use, in fact it is superseding all others, in all the large manufacturing establishments in New York and Philadelphia; March, 1859. 33-1-1.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.
J. H. Thacker would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of **BOOTS AND SHOES low for CASH.** He is also making all kinds of **LADIES' SHOES** as low or lower than they can get Northern work. Call and see for yourselves. An assortment of **SHOES AND BOOTS** constantly on hand. Repairing promptly attended to.
April 15, 1859.

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND
ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street,
opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6-1y

JOHN A. PRITCHETT,
CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN
FURNITURE, (near North Carolina Railroad),
Greensboro, N. C.

All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage-Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c.—kept constantly on hand or made to order.
Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.
Work delivered on board the Cars free of charge.
127-1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, GENERAL
Purchasing & Commission Merchant, and
dealer in
Pianos, Melodeons, Pumps, Saxes, Sewing Machines, &c.
Publisher of "Cherokee Physician," "Chronology of N. C.," "Southern Bishops," "Hickory Nut Falls," &c.
Sole Proprietor of the "AMERICAN PUMP," raising Water in all depths under 150 feet, by hand.
Drawings and Prices sent free.

147 Chambers-street, N. Y.
Commission for Buying and Forwarding, two and a half per cent.

REFERENCES.
McNeeters Gheselin, John B. Odum, Esq., Va.; Hon. John Baxter, Rev. W. G. Brownlow, Tenn.; Hon. T. L. Jones, Newport, Ky.; Brown & McMillan, Washington, W. & D. Richardson, Galveston, Texas; D. R. McAdams, D. D., St. Louis; Rev. G. C. Gillespie, New Orleans; J. W. Stoy, Charleston, S. C.; Hons. W. A. Graham, S. W. Ellis, D. L. Swain, Chas. F. Deems, D. D., N. C.; Myatt & Toler, Ala., &c., &c.

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND
Watchmaker, West Market, Greensboro, N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st, 1858. 134-1-1.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Oration, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107th Baltimore, Md.